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## THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

No. 2.

WE closed the former number of this article with some illustrations to prove that the activities of the church are conducted on the world's level, and are barren of those inspirations which are attributes of the eternal life alone, and alone can sanctify its energies. Let us pursue the point, for a few moments, into closer detail. First, divine love is not the impelling principle of our prevailing reformatory movements; but they spring chiefly out of the natural instincts, whose action is always partial, fitful, and incomplete. Thus the antislavery feeling of the Northern States was never so ardent, never so wide-spread and resolute, as it is to-day. Recent legislation and occurrences have exasperated it to a pitch that indignantly scorns all tame and temporizing suggestions, and demands the persistent vindication of principle. And yet, all the while, we find the colored population of the entire North, even under the most liberal and Christlike of existing influences, to be ground down to earth by the despotism of a spirit of *caste* as exclusive and intolerant in grain as that which anywhere on the face of earth, aided by legal discriminations, humbles and oppresses the serf and the slave. In very few of the Free States is the negro allowed equal civil rights with the white man. The brand of legal disqualification is added to the stigma and outlawry

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of social degradation. In some quarters, he must not even ride in the same coach or car with his white neighbor; it were a gross insult to the dignity and worth of the lords of the heritage. He is the hewer of wood and drawer of water among us, and nothing more; he can never rise above the kitchen and the scullery; he can never occupy posts of honor and responsibility; he is an underling; and his enforced prostration is printed on his downcast eye and his cringing frame. But the suggestion may here be urged, that his natural inferiority, and those irresistible repugnances which make social alliances with him offensive to taste, will both account for and justify this treatment. Inferiority! taste! Oh! there is something so false, so absolutely base, in these pleas, common as they are, that we can scarcely contemplate them without an outburst of indignation. In the first place, we will cull out a half-million from among the slaves in the South, in whose veins Saxon blood, in greater or less degree of admixture disputing the current with the dusky founts of life, puts to silence and to bitter shame the plea of natural repulsion, and makes it that he who urges it should despise himself for the fraud. And as to the inferiority of the negro race, here shall be a person in whom nineteen-twentieths of the blood is Saxon, — who possesses the Saxon contour, the straight Saxon hair, the Saxon comeliness, the Saxon ability; and yet that one minute infusion of negro taint crushes him or her that is marked by it down to the low level of the utter negro. We will discuss the question of inferiority when some reasonable limits shall be attached to its application. Until then, away with all shuffling evasions and mean disguises! Let the bold truth come boldly out, — black blood is at a discount here at the North, every drop of it! The emigrant, stolid and brutalized by centuries of neglect, ignorant and stupid as to intellect, coarse and repulsive as to manners, and still more loathsome as to habits, is placed at once on a footing, that one having the slightest cross of the negro, however cultivated and refined, can never reach.

The church might utterly eradicate these unholy prejudices; but, alas! the church shares them. And oh that, with all our prating about philanthropy as to the negro race, there were more of the love of Christ astir! We pant to witness a whole-souled philanthropy; we crave to realize a brave, generous recognition of brotherhood; we thank God, indeed, for so much charity as is

active in the community, be it of whatever parentage, let it labor however feebly and imperfectly. But we would have the great work of reform done in earnest, — done well; we would have the church exert itself for human rights and human elevation, through the impulses of a divine inspiration. Judgment must begin at the house of God.

Let us now cast a second glance at the exchange and the mart, — the arena where wealth disports and aggrandizes itself, and traffic is alacrious, and money is made. We have already taken note that the Christian there loses his distinctive position as a member of the visible church, and is rated like other men; that the visible church has no especial or peculiar influence there; and that this has occurred, not because it has lifted the world up to its own level, but has stooped low, and merged itself in the world. It has adopted its methods; it is swayed by its impulses; it has identified itself with its aims. Is this consistent with the obligations of the church? On the contrary, we insist that the spirit in which a Christian should conduct his business — should strive to amass property, and should estimate wealth — must contrast with the corresponding principles of the unsanctified world, not in *degree* only, but in *kind*. If the church were living and laboring in the love of God, and through the glad inspirations of the indwelling eternal life, a manifest and glorious antagonism would prevail between its activities, thus sublimed and ennobled, and the narrow, sordid principles of the Christless world; and it is to the burning shame, the bitter humiliation, of the church, that no such antagonism is to be discerned.

As we were travelling, not long ago, on a railroad, a friend with whom we were sitting said to us, in the course of our journey, "Do you notice that portly gentleman yonder on the other side of the car? That is Mr. —, of —, so conspicuous a few years since in connection with the failure of the bank of which he was president. Perhaps you may recall the fact that he embezzled its funds to the amount of almost all its capital, and was saved from the State Prison only by the exertions of his powerful counsel. Meanwhile, some of the stockholders were literally ruined by the transaction."

"But," said we, as our friend paused, "he does not appear to be in depressed or uncomfortable circumstances. He is evidently travelling with a party of friends, very much at his ease."

"Oh, yes!" replied our friend: "he had enough remaining from the speculations for which he defrauded the bank, not only to fee his lawyers well, who rescued him, but also to maintain a prominent social position since. The affair, so far as he is concerned, soon blew over."

"Prominent social position!" "Soon blew over!" The words, laden with their weight of meaning, sunk deep into our soul. That money should be power, to a certain extent and in a certain way, representative as it is of all material values, able to purchase comforts and ease, and to enforce the execution of the will, is in the nature of things, and should excite no wonder and inspire no dismay: but that it should be a makeweight of character; that it should be able to purchase immunity for gigantic wickedness; that it should boldly enter, with outstretched and well-covered palm, into the domains of virtue, to buy, literally, in the process of absolute traffic, *to buy* its rewards and safeguards, — is unqualifiedly monstrous. And where is the church, that business should be what it is, and wealth possess the mastery it maintains? We repeat it, with solemn emphasis, the professors of religion are living and laboring empty as to practical influence of divine inspiration, — of the sanctifying spirit of the Redeemer. With whomsoever that is the all-consecrating principle, the impelling force, wealth will not stand in the light of a positive treasure, — an end, but only of an instrument for noblest uses. His treasures will be in heaven, because his heart is there; his soul will be dealing chiefly with spiritual realities, with truth and right and virtue, with God and Christ and immortal being. For all the riches of the universe, God aiding his earnest resolution, he would not barter one tittle of his soul's dear treasures, sully in the slightest his spotless purity, cast off his truth one hair's-breadth from its holy anchorage. Righteousness shall hold its own with him, and wear its crown; not one gem filched away; richer far to his eye, as it gleams about the head of the good man, than the material diadem that encircles the brow of the proudest monarch. Let riches accumulate in his possession: what then? So much the more to be employed in a grateful stewardship. Let misfortunes blast his prospects, strip him of every thing, and turn him upon the world a beggar; and shall he clothe himself in sackcloth and ashes, and cry out, "Woe is me"? Shall he sink down in dismay, and feel as if compassed about with the blackness of darkness? Nay, nothing is lost that is of vital moment, — nothing



that death would not soon have stripped quite away from him. His truth is his own still. The grace and glory of the eternal life are inspiring him still. The Father is his friend, and Jesus is his companion, and heaven is before him still. Why should he falter for an instant, or shed one tear?

Turning our attention now in yet another direction, we appreciate the defects of the visible church, and its absorption in the channels of ordinary worldly thought, in relations that pertain peculiarly and exclusively to the domain of spiritual life; as to which, therefore, the church should exhibit a marked and unmistakable character. For instance, there is a kind of materialism, verging practically on atheism, abroad, and so prevalent as not seldom to communicate a very sense of oppression, as when the air is close and stifling; and it fills us correspondingly with alarm. It seems even to give tone to public sentiment, and to press, like a massive dead-weight, on the spirit of the Redeemer, as he struggles to uplift and revive his church. We realize it in the universality with which prayer is philosophized upon, all its vitality and influence being dissipated in the process, and in the wide-spread neglect of it that consequently prevails in the family and the closet. We realize it in the promptness with which all natural occurrences are ascribed to second causes, and nature thrust, like a blank dead wall, between the soul and God, who is thus exiled from the creation that he upholds and superintends. Men in general, even professedly Christian men, are prone to refer every thing, not only in the occurrences of the external world, but even in the invisible movings of the spirit, to mundane agencies. The phenomena of spiritual sensation, instead of being devoutly and gratefully ascribed to the beneficent activities of the Divine Spirit, are dismissed without appeal to the agency of God. We realize it, moreover, in the emotions that prevail extensively among Christian believers, when they bury their dead away from their sight; the fearful gloom that envelops their souls; the leanness of their holy confidence; the prostration of their hopes; the paralysis of their energies; the desolation of their future. As though no Saviour had brought life and immortality to light; as though these mortal frames were not the shrines of immortal natures; as though the grave were else than a mere medium of change of existence; as though no eternity were expanding beyond it!

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We have penned these animadversions, not in a spirit of railing, or even of reproach. We love the church; we believe in it; we appreciate its excellences; we acknowledge its victories. We trace back the currents of history, and joyfully discover that in any moral contingency, however fearfully a laggard at the start, — a "poor dumb dog," perhaps, or whispering forth the monitions of its pricked and wounded conscience with bated breath, or in half-articulate affirmations, — it has stood always, at the last, between the oppressors and the oppressed; between progress and those who would cripple it; between human selfishness, harrying its prey, and its poor, suffering victims. It has taken its due part in the final struggle, and nobly aided to secure the victory. We discover, that, although it may have moved slowly, it has seldom failed to move directly and surely. We recognize, moreover, that all the grand, sterling, everlasting ideas that animate the breasts of our reformers, and that give character to their position when they ring out the echoing rally-cry of truth and right, they have imbibed from the gospel through the instrumentalities of the church; and — for we have faith in God, we have faith in Christ, and we rejoice in the promises — we look hopefully forward to the church of the future. Above all existing agencies, we trust in that; for it is God's own appointed means of human salvation and peace. It is Christ's body in the world. Christ is in it; and he will inspire and invigorate it, and time, at length, its sluggish currents to the brisk and persistent energies of the eternal life.

But, if it were altogether faithful *now*; if it were in the world, but not of it; if it were toning the life of the unsanctified world by its divine unction; if it were consciously an organism to regenerate society; if it were in its place for ever, in the vanguard of all blessed activities; if the God and Christ of the sanctuary, the prayer-meeting, and the closet, were the divinities of the arenas of traffic, the places of labor, and the haunts of pleasure, — that glorious brightness, which now we desery afar off through a lengthening vista, would be filling the earth with present radiance, and transforming the shadowy pictures of faith into the substantial verities of realization. It is much to say in a sentence, yet it is as true as it is graphic and comprehensive, — that, if the church were but faithful, the millennium were begun.

L. S. C.

## CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

To an American visiting the Old World, nothing possesses so strong an attractive power as the chief antiquities. The new he can find at home; the beautiful in nature and in art may have been his daily companions: but ancient cities and venerable ruins are a crown of honor impossible as yet to the vigorous youth of his own land. To stand, where countless thousands have stood before us, among memorials of the elder ages; to look upon the handiwork of William the Conqueror, and his Saxon predecessors; most of all, to worship within walls consecrated by prayers and thanksgivings from lips that were mouldering in the dust of England before Columbus had found a new home for their children's children, — is an experience never to be forgotten.

One of the oldest cathedrals of Britain is the one at Chester. Few spots on the face of the earth have seen changes more remarkable, or fortunes more varied, than the site on which it stands. The Romans, who laid the foundations and built the walls of the ancient town, which dates back to the time of Cæsar Augustus, raised here a temple to Apollo. They, with their heathen ceremonies, gave place to a monastery dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, early in the second century, before the generation of the apostles' hearers had become utterly extinct.

Portions of the structure now remaining are of the eleventh century, and of those intervening between that and the fourteenth century, which last included the principal part of the erection; so that, in the varieties of architecture it comprises, the Norman-Gothic, which flourished in that era, is predominant.

The cathedral is nearly in the form of a cross, one transept being longer than the other. The material of the outer walls is the red sandstone of the surrounding district, which has gradually crumbled away, as is the nature of that stone, under the action of the elements. The softened and irregular outlines produced by this circumstance add much to the venerable appearance of the building; and the many defaced and broken headstones of the surrounding graves give a special air of solemnity to the huge cross, which raises the emblem of our eternal hope among the mementoes of mortal pain and sorrow.

The interior is a world within itself. To a stranger, the western portion of the nave is most impressive; the view of its great length and lofty arches being interrupted only by a few monuments to the dead, some of which are finely conceived, and exquisitely cut. Among the best inscriptions is the one written by Sir Charles Napier, upon the death of his nephew. It reads as follows:—

“The tomb is no record of high lineage;  
His may be traced by his name.  
His race was one of soldiers:  
Among soldiers he lived, among them he died;  
A soldier, falling, where numbers fell with him,  
In a barbarous land:  
Yet there died none more generous,  
More daring, more gifted, more religious.  
On his early grave  
Fell the tears of stern and hardy men,  
As his had fallen on the grave of others.”

The eastern portion of the nave has been fitted up, in modern times, for divine service. The reading-desk, pews, and front of the choir, are beautifully carved,—the work of poor lay-brethren in the days of Catholicism. Some of the most notable specimens of the grotesque are a representation of Daniel in the den of lions, comprised within a four-inch square, and a tree from the “root of Jesse,” springing from the back of the prostrate father of David, whose branches, bearing his monarch descendants in rows of three, are crowned by a figure purporting to be the Virgin Mary. A curious contrivance is seen in the stalls now occupied by gentlemen in the cathedral service. The seats could be raised, like those in the pews of our old-fashioned New-England churches. On the front edge was a narrow shelf, placed at such an angle that it afforded a very good support, by a slight exertion, to keep the knees firm; but, the moment this exertion ceased, from sleepiness or fatigue, the fall of both seat and sitter was an inevitable consequence. One could not help thinking how many monkish naps, during the long chants of the Romish ritual, had been prevented by the apprehension of this catastrophe. One of the principal objects of interest is the bishop’s throne, converted to its present use in the time of the Reformation, but supposed to have been originally the shrine of St. Werburgh.

Among its Gothic arches and richly carved decorations is seen a range of thirty small statues, differently dressed, with scrolls in their hands, upon which were once inscribed their names, now illegible.

Between this throne and the organ-loft, the sides are adorned with spiral tabernacle-work, beautifully ornamented with carving. This portion of the cathedral is superior to all others in minutely wrought and tastefully arranged decorations, but is surpassed in simple grandeur by the western section of the nave, from which it is divided by a stone screen of Gothic architecture.

The cathedral service differs from our American liturgy in many points, mostly of small importance. The Athanasian Creed is introduced several times in the year, when all heretics can hear themselves and their brethren, as we did upon an Easter Sunday, condemned, in a most summary manner, to "perish everlastingly."

Nothing can be more solemn and impressive than the English service in an English cathedral. The responses and psalms were not read by the congregation, but chanted by a choir of boys, who filed up the aisle in their white surplices, presenting quite a picturesque appearance. The effect of the music was very fine, their voices being well-trained and harmonious.

An anthem closed the service; for, this day, it was the glorious strain from Handel's "Messiah," — "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The voices of the child-singers were a fitting symbol of the half fear, half faith, of the elder ages; and, as the deeper tones of the choristers swelled forth the grand chorus, "Hallelujah! the Lord omnipotent reigneth!" one might hear the cry of a blessed "assurance," now, that Christ is come.

The south transept is occupied by the parish church, and, excepting a few ancient monuments, has nothing deserving special attention.

On the north side of the cathedral are the remains of the cloisters, originally in the form of a quadrangle, surrounding an open court, of which the southern wall is now destroyed.

Here were the dormitories and the refectory, converted at present into a charity-school. Being past the regular school-hours, the forms were now deserted; but a row of white surplices betrayed the presence of the young choristers of the Sunday service.



Along the dismal walks our feet were treading, how many of the brethren of the Chester monastery had beguiled the weary hours, — possibly crossing themselves, in devout adoration, before the images of saints, whose features old Father Time had resculptured, as if in mockery, into quaint and almost hideous devices, scarcely to be recognized as human !

Adjoining the cloister is a department of the old building which has lately attracted much attention from antiquaries ; and its excavation has been the cause of much labor and expense. It is supposed to have been the *Promptuarium*, or storehouse, of the monastery. To the eye of the spectator, it presents merely a dim vault, supported by stone pillars, and possessing only the interest of association to any explorer except an antiquarian.

One remarkable feature of the cathedral consists in the subterranean passages connecting with the walls of Chester, and with the Nunnery of St. John's, and traversing the city in so many different directions as to justify the remark of the verger, long a resident of the place : " Indeed," said the old man, " Chester is just like a rabbit warren."

A long, narrow, and dusty staircase leads the visitor upon the roof, and to the fine panoramic view of the neighboring country to be seen from it. The tower contains one of the finest chimes in England ; but the large and heavy bells are now in disuse, as the force of their vibration endangers the safety of the cathedral.

At one turn in the staircase is the entrance to a long, narrow passage, extending around the interior of the building. Through this, the solemn procession of the nuns celebrated the grand festivals of the Catholic church, bearing torches in their hands, and chanting the glorious anthems of the Romish ritual. From this narrow walk could be seen the grand section of the nave, from which the gathered crowds of ancient worshippers watched the slow march of the choristers, and listened to their sweet and solemn strains as they echoed among the arches.

The ruins of Chester would amply reward the diligent study of many days ; but even an imperfect survey of the noble monuments of the faith and works of our English fathers is a privilege to be long and gratefully remembered.

H. S. T. C.

## WHAT SEEKEST THOU?

IN the great thoroughfares of the world, men go bustling on as if there was to be neither rest nor happiness till their object of pursuit is reached. Fame, riches, pleasure, or intellectual gain, draw them on through weary labors and untold disappointments. Still on they press toward the mark which their hearts have set. Shadows may darken the way, chilly winds and howling storms may threaten destruction; but they reck not the danger, if their goal may be reached. What seek they, and what do they obtain?

In the busy multitude, I see many seeking only the enjoyment of to-day. The past is forgotten, and the future is a blank. Life, with its golden hopes and solemn realities, is only a pageant in which they are actors. Eating, drinking, and sleeping fill up the greater sum of their enjoyments. Such have no object to attain beyond the present satisfaction of the senses; while the mind and heart lie slumbering beneath the weight of earthly cares. Can such an existence be called *life*, — this life of the senses, without a thought of God or duty or things eternal? Even the beauty and glory of this present world are dimly seen to such an eye, and reveal little of their hidden charm. Every day and hour give some new token of a loving Providence. Each flower and tree and lowly pebble is full of beauty to the seeking mind; but, to him who merely *exists*, the voice of Nature is silent. Affection, fancy, feeling, wither before the body's decay; and the senses themselves become poor mediums of happiness.

I see a man of large and noble mind, learned in all the knowledge of the schools, and accomplished in all the graces of society. His elegant manners, his agreeable conversation, his elevated conceptions of truth and beauty, give him a welcome to every heart and home. We feel the magic power of his presence in all he does or says. In him there is no slumbering of the powers of thought and action. His mark is set, and his proud mind stays not on the way. He dreams not of defeat; for the voice of a siren is whispering in his ear. His faculties are fully awake to the work he purposes to do. Life is full of glorious promises, and the whole heaven is arched over with the rainbow of hope.

In him we see an intelligent, earnest, powerful worker in the world's great business. In him we should find our ideal of manhood, were there not lacking one thing: the crowning grace of religion is wanting. All his aims and aspirations are high, but they are selfish; all his work is well done, but is not sanctified by a prayerful spirit. The light of God's love is shining on him; but he heeds it not. Ten thousand voices are telling him of a Father's watchful care; but he hears them not. His own soul is speaking, in the silence of the night or in hours of weary watching; but the din of the world drowns its "still small voice."

What seeketh he more than others, and what does he obtain? Anxious days and sleepless nights may bring him much renown, much knowledge, much power; but can these, even in their fullest possession, give the happiness for which the heart is asking? Even when the coveted prize is won, is it as beautiful a thing in itself as it looked to be in the dim distance? Ah, no! This is not the whole of life; and many never find out its meaning. Can we live for the body alone, or for the mind alone, when the soul, with its infinite capacities, and the future world, with its endless progress, are calling to us to work? Can we be satisfied with mere animal enjoyment, when God has made us in his own image, and given us immortal powers? Can we bind our thoughts and desires to this present scene of our existence, when there is promised to us such a home in heaven, — when even here we may have a foretaste of that blessed home, and drink from the river of life that flows through the city of God? We thank God that he has opened to us the volume of inspiration, and brought to our ears the glad tidings of salvation. Though we walk through dark shadows, and over thorny paths, we will not fear; for the light of a Father's countenance is shining upon us. Though encompassed with the petty pursuits and cares of this present life, we will still keep in view that better, even the heavenly, life which is to be revealed. We can only truly live when Christ is formed within us, — the hope of glory. His spirit is a living power, and frees us from the law of sin and death. Through patience and through prayer, through duty and through suffering, shall we find the true objects of our seeking; and their gain shall be an everlasting reward.

## LECTURES ON PALESTINE.—No. 10.

## THE HILL-COUNTRY OF JUDEA.

UNTO the tribe of Judah, the royal tribe both in the first and second kingdom, was given, in the division of Canaan, by far the largest share of the promised land. But, if the characteristics of the land remain now what they were when Joshua portioned it among the tribes, the domain of Judah was far less desirable than the portions of Ephraim, Manasseh, Issachar, or Zebulon. The vine might grow there, and so the benediction of Jacob be fulfilled; the strong fortresses of those rocky hills might symbolize the dominion of a lordly race, and furnish fit sites for capitals and castles: but, even to shepherds, the broader and more fertile vales of the central region must have been preferable to the rugged, broken, and comparatively barren land of Judah. Of this land, rock must ever have been the chief feature: verdure and pasture and harvest could only scantily diversify this wild, fantastic, irregular chain of rocky hills. It seems incredible, to one who passes through Judea, that such a land should ever have been thickly peopled, and by an agricultural tribe. The worst land of New England would seem to oppose fewer hinderances to the husbandman's labor than the portion of Palestine given by preference to the proudest of the race of Jacob, — the portion where the throne was to be set and kept for long centuries, and where the nation's shrine was to be fixed for ever. Modern rulers have chosen the sites of their capitals as strangely. The whim which led Peter of Russia to build that vast city which bears his sainted name, and the folly which set Berlin in the centre of a bleak sandy plain, are much less defensible than the choice of such rocky heights as those among which Bethlehem and Hebron and Jerusalem are hidden.

Yet it is hard to understand how such armies as those of the Hebrew kings could have been mustered or manœuvred on these hills. Solomon, we read, had fourteen hundred chariots; and, when the Philistines came up to fight against Israel, they gathered *thirty thousand* chariots together. How were these brought up to the gates of the cities? or how could they descend? There is not a path in all the region, to-day, where a wheel-carriage is ever seen, or where it could be made safely to run. Even in Jeru-

saalem, there is no street where one might ride in comfort as they were wont of old to ride in triumph. There are many parts of Syria where the mountains are higher, the crags more precipitous, the dangers of travel more imminent; but there is none where the signs of an inhospitable and wilderness region are more strikingly marked than in the tract which reaches from Jerusalem southward to the more ancient capital of David. The valleys are hardly better than ravines, fit only for the lurking-place of robbers or the retreat of anchorites; the streams are thin and rare, and disappear when the rains of winter have ceased to feed them; the villages are few, and far between; and the pathways are nearly forsaken by the feet of traffic. Were it not for the sacred cities, and the strength of their attraction, it is probable that Judea would be quite given over to the Ishmaelite tribes who now plunder and terrify its peaceable people. The beauty of the land of Judea is chiefly in its history: its views are not striking as those of Galilee and Samaria. It has small reward for industry: the vine-dresser finds no longer, in the valley of Eshcol, such clusters as the spies of Israel brought back. There is no chance for the hunter, except in the worthless chase of the wolf and the jackal. Nature sternly forbids the effort to change to a garden this wilderness. The husbandman must go armed at his toil, and must be content to lose half his harvest. In one season, too plentiful rains wash away from their uncertain hold his thinly scattered seed; in the next, an early drought withers the corn before its ears have ripened. The plague of locusts still comes to the vines in the crisis of their growth; and the plague of fever severely visits even these lofty lands. The burden of taxation weighs here none the less heavily that there is so small ability to bear it. It is convenient for the Pacha of Jerusalem to take what is near at hand; and what the Bedouins spare, the officials and soldiers are likely to get. With such a soil, such a climate, such lack of forest, of water, of land for tillage, such native enemies, and such rapacious rulers, it is wonderful that any thing but religious zeal should keep men in the hill-country of Judea, — wonderful that religion should keep so many. The benevolence which would regenerate these people, by showing them how to till their soil and establish model farms in this wilderness, is Quixotic, and will be sure to fail. There is no place less favorable to agricultural experiments than the region where David once tended his father's

flocks, and Amos sung as one experienced in the sower and reaper's ways. Even in that humble work of gathering sycamore-fruit, which the herdman of Tekoa modestly assumes, one might labor in vain. The once-fruitful sycamores have long ago been plucked up by the roots, and left to perish.

The historic interest of Judea centres in the two cities of Hebron and Bethlehem, and the region which lies between and around them. South of Hebron, the mountains fall rapidly toward the desert; and north of Bethlehem is Jerusalem, in the limits of the tribe of Benjamin. Hebron, the earliest capital of the Hebrew people, is built on what is probably the highest land in all their original possession: it is nearly three thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and more than four thousand above the waters of the Dead Sea. Its situation on the side of a hill overlooking a narrow, vine-clad mountain-pass, too narrow to be called a valley; its terraced streets; its great square, castellated enclosure, surmounted at either end by a minaret, — all make it rather a striking object to witness on the first approach. You go there with high expectations; for does not this Hebron claim to be the oldest inhabited city in the world, — older than Athens or Tyre or Damascus? Was not this the home of Abraham in his later days, — where his bones were laid with those of Sarah, his wife; the dwelling-place, too, and the burial-place, of Isaac and Jacob? Is not here the most ancient sepulchre in the world? — a shrine now jealously guarded after forty centuries of reverence. Was not David in this city anointed by the elders of Israel to be king over all the people? Did not here the spies of Moses find in Hebron that race of Anak before whose awful stature the sons of Jacob seemed to be as grasshoppers? Was it not in the gate of Hebron that Joab slew Abner, "the great man and the prince fallen that day in Israel"? Was not here the scene of that great treason which has preserved for all time the name of Absalom to signify filial ingratitude? Next to Jerusalem, Hebron has the greatest honor in the Scripture history.

There is but little now remaining that connects the city with its Hebrew history. The great mosque, which is regarded by all, Moslems and Christians and Jews, believers and critics, as the cover of the sacred cave of Machpelah, where the patriarchs were buried, can be studied by Christians only on its exterior walls, and there only under the watch of jealous eyes. The stones of

these walls resemble those in the walls of the Mosque of Omar, and are evidently of very high antiquity. The whole enclosure, which has an area of some thirty thousand square feet, though referred by Christians to the pious labors of Helena, the patroness of all Eastern shrines, has evidently a much earlier date. Except the upper courses of stone upon the wall and the monuments which the Moslems have built in the court-yard and their praying-places, the structure is probably but little changed from what it was in the days before our Saviour, in the reign of the Maccabees. There is no authentic record of its building. It stands in the land as the oldest religious monument which retains to-day not only its primitive use, but its primitive form. The shame and grief of being shut out from its precincts is much less bitter to the Christians than to the Jews, who would ask no higher privilege than to pray above the tombs of their great fathers, and sleep by their side. Hebron is one of their four sacred cities. In spite of the persecution and insult which follow them there, they are willing to use the mean privilege which their enemies allow them, of looking, once in a while and for a few moments, through a hole in the wall, upon the relics which they may not approach or touch. In front of this small opening, as at the old wall of the temple in Jerusalem, is a *wailing-place*, where the remnant of the Jews resort on Friday, the Moslem sabbath, to lament over their downfall, and to utter curses upon their oppressors.

This is the only important relic of the Hebrew ages remaining in the town. There is an old, dilapidated castle, and a ruined gateway, dated in the year 679 of the Hegira; but these are without historical interest. Not more than three or four Christian families live there, and these are in constant fear of their bigoted Moslem neighbors. The Jews have a synagogue, which contains numerous manuscript treasures. Some singular branches of industry are here carried on. Hebron has been for ages the source of supply of the cheap ornaments of glass which the women of the East universally wear. The colored lamps in use at Cairo are transported from this city in crates slung on the backs of camels; and Hebron bracelets are even sold in the bazaars of Damascus. Here, too, the goatskins, which make now, as in the time of our Saviour, the most convenient receptacles of wine and water, are prepared, and the curious process may be observed. If new wine is not put into old bottles here, it is not so much from



the folly of so disposing it as from the temperate custom of the followers of the prophet, which discourages its use and its making. The grapes which grow abundantly still around Hebron are no longer pressed for their fermented juice, but are eaten either as raisins, or are boiled to a sort of sweet nourishing sirup. The Moslems comfort themselves for their abstinence from stimulants by a more habitual use of narcotics. And it is a singular fact, that, while the States of America are passing laws to prevent the use of that beverage which was first in authentic history sanctioned by the patriarchs who cared for the vines around Hebron, the Indian weed found on these American shores is now more freely used in the land of the patriarchs than in the land of its origin, with none to prevent its excess. It is doubtful if the gift returned be not morally worse than the gift transmitted.

The vineyards of Judea still illustrate the details of our Saviour's parables. The wages of the workmen have not advanced. The owner of the vineyard still agrees with his workmen for a "penny a day;" and they will get no more, whether they come at the first or the eleventh hour. The *towers* are there, from which the watchman overlooks the field, and warns off all trespassers. It is as difficult now for the servants of the owner, or the rightful heir, to secure his possession. As you see the husbandman pruning his stocks, purging them of their useless wood, and bearing away the unfruitful branches, you think of the last conversation of Jesus with his disciples. A few fruitful fig-trees are still suffered to remain in the vineyard. The scene, too, of a man sitting under the shadow of his sturdy vine; of the vineyard of the man void of understanding, with nettles overgrown, and its stone wall thrown down; of the "spreading vine of low stature," — is not uncommon. The little foxes, too, are still an annoyance; and the palmer-worm comes in its time to devour the leaves, and hasten the blight of the burning sun. The vineyards of Judea have more than the interest of their novel and peculiar culture to a traveller from the West: they remind him of the words of the sacred volume, which have stored the memories of his childhood.

Just north of Hebron is the plain of Mamre, if so narrow a valley can be called a plain. Here the great tree, which the guide-books and journals of older travellers call a terebinth, but which is really an *oak*, is a conspicuous object. According to

the tradition, this tree must be the oldest in the world, since Abraham encamped beneath its shade when he was privileged to entertain the angels. It has died once, and then revived again; changing, in the mean time, its nature. Its real age may perhaps be a thousand years. It is probably the largest tree in Palestine, though considerably inferior, both in the size of its trunk and the spread of its branches, to the great plane-tree at Damascus. No other tree stands near it. Around it is a grassy lawn; and here, on pleasant afternoons, the young men and children of the town come out to join in their quiet pleasure, while the veiled maidens look modestly on from the rocks around. The tree is strong and healthy, and seems likely to endure for another thousand years.

Between El Khûlil (which is the Arab name for Hebron, in honor of Abram the "father") and Bethlehem (whose Arab name, Beit Lahm, is but slightly changed from the ancient, either in sound or meaning), there is no object of interest, except the Pools of Solomon. One may, indeed, make a circuit to the eastward, and see Tekoa, where Amos kept his herds; or may stop at the remarkable stalactite cave which the monks declare to be the Cave of Adullam, where David hid himself from the vengeance of Saul. But the Pools of Solomon are a relic much more singular and unquestionable. They are not, indeed, mentioned in the Scriptures as the work of that monarch; but the style of their structure, and their connection with the ancient aqueducts, is such as to leave little doubt of their belonging to the age of the first temple. They are three in number, ranged, one above the other, so high that the bottom of one is higher than the top of that next below it; allowing, so, a free communication of water from one to the other. In shape, they are oblong; the eastern side being in every case longer than the western, and the lower pool considerably more capacious than those above it. The depth is greater, too, on the eastern side. The supply of water, of course, varies according to the season, but is rarely less than eight or ten feet in the lowest pool. They are fed by several fountains which break from the neighboring hills. The whole work, — fountains, pools, and aqueduct, — which still supplies water to the Holy City, as it has for so many centuries, is the most complete of any thing of the kind remaining in the East, and rivals the great aqueducts of Italy in massiveness, if not in length and area.

Bethlehem is about twelve miles north of Hebron, and six

south of Jerusalem. It is built on the steep side of a hill, facing northward and eastward. The picturesque appearance of the town, as you approach from Jerusalem, vanishes when you pass the gateway, and find yourself in the labyrinth of narrow, dirty, and precipitous streets, with a throng of religious hucksters following at your heels. It is a Christian town; and the people boast that the muezzin does not call to prayer in the name of the false prophet on the spot where the true Messiah was born. There are no green turbans, and no Turkish faces. But, in matters of trade, the fellowship of faith in Bethlehem profits you nothing. You pass through the long marginal street, solicited for charity by beggars not a few; enter the hole in the wall, which is all the doorway that the monks dare to allow to their convent; and find yourself forthwith in the spacious courts of what was once the nave of a magnificent temple, but is now a house of sacred merchandise. Four stately rows of Corinthian columns, twelve in each row, support a frieze on which are the remains of mosaics, representing Scripture scenes, and inscribed with passages from the Bible. Beneath this frieze the merchants sit, with their wares, beads, crosses, pictures upon pearl, rosaries, and charms of all descriptions; while the hot sun or the pouring rain, as the case may be, streams down upon them through the open roof. A gracious friar meets you here, and offers to conduct you over the church, and through the more interesting passages of the grotto beneath. The first duty will be easily despatched, unless you have a taste for listening to the ten-times-told tale of the quarrel between Greeks and Latins and Armenians, and are curious to learn just what limits of space these loving brethren have set for the rest in the edifice which all claim; or unless you wish to examine the tawdry pictures and faded tapestries of the choir, or the old chairs of the Greek bishop, or the gilded throne of the Greek patriarch. The second duty must be done more deliberately, and needs caution both in look and in footstep. You go down by a winding staircase, and, after fifteen steps, come out into a strange, irregular cavern, about forty feet long and ten feet wide, low in the ceiling, from which hang some thirty large and magnificent lamps, of gold and silver, some of which are always burning. These bear the names of sovereigns who have from time to time sent them to the shrine. The sides of the rock and the floor are veneered with marble. At the extreme eastern end

of this lighted cavern is a marble table, used as an altar, beneath which are three hanging lamps. Their concentrated rays are reflected dazzlingly back from a sun of silver set in the pavement, around which is the Latin inscription, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." All your attendants, monks and torch-bearers, instantly fall on their faces, and kiss the pavement. You turn a little, and another lighted altar shows you where Mary sat when the Magi knelt before her, and delivered their offerings. Opposite to this, and a little lower down, in a recess of the wall, is the manger in which the young child was laid, or the marble trough which has been laid in its place; for the *real* manger is among the treasures of Christian Rome. This, too, is devoutly kissed. Over these altars are a few pictures, which may once have been good, but which have not been improved by the lips of the faithful, or the smoke of incense which mingles there with the smoke of oil, ceasing never by night or by day. This is the stable where the Saviour of the world was born, or where, as the monks express it, "the immaculate Virgin gave birth to God." We cannot say that here Christ first saw the light; for the light of the sun never reaches this cavern. This crypt at Bethlehem is the counterpart to the chapel of the sepulchre at Jerusalem, and its claim to reverence rests upon evidence equally convincing. To a Protestant eye, the falsehood is palpable; and it wholly hinders that fervor of self-forgetting piety which prostrates even an enlightened Catholic like Chateaubriand before monuments so venerable.

As the actual birthplace of our Saviour, this cavern at Bethlehem has, to an intelligent Protestant, no interest. Yet, in the crypt adjoining, he finds a spot, which, more than all others which tradition has preserved, is interesting in the history of the book which he receives as the word of God. In this crypt, as a cell, the most illustrious of the early monks, Jerome, the translator of the Scriptures and the watchful defender of the faith, lived and labored during the larger portion of his long life. Here he wrote those voluminous letters, caustic, pathetic, mystic, in which fanaticism and worldly wisdom and heavenly love are so marvellously blended. Here he studied and fasted and prayed, rejoiced with his brethren, and was lifted in the raptures of his lonely visions. Here came those noble ladies, Paula and Eustochium, to dedicate the blood of the Scipios and the Gracchi to the service of the

martyr whom a Roman prefect slew; and here their tombs are shown. Here is the table of stone on which Jerome wrote; the spot where he knelt in those midnight wrestlings with the Tempter; the court-yard where he expounded to his reverent disciples the precepts of the gospel, and the allegories of the seer of Patmos; and here his body lies. Here, around this church, were gathered the first convents of Bethlehem, where, from that day to this, — nearly fifteen centuries, — Christians have offered food and shelter to the wretched of the people, and welcome to the traveller from afar. The Franciscan guide, troubled by your lack of reverence for the shrine of the Saviour's birthplace, is comforted by your delight as he points out to you each memorial of that great father of the church, whose name, next only to that of the divine Child, has made Bethlehem honored among all people.

Other traditions belong to this subterranean church. The monks will show you where the body of St. Eusebius lies, and his portrait upon the wall. Through a damp gallery in the rock, where with difficulty you can keep your torch lighted, they will lead you to the Tomb of the Innocents, victims of the ferocity of the mad Jewish king. These stories, after the more exciting memorials which you have visited, you may gladly leave. It is worth while, however, to visit the schools — Arabic, Italian, Armenian — kept in the precincts of the convent. We saw, in one of these, one hundred and sixty boys, listening most attentively to the instructions of a gray-bearded teacher, who seemed absorbed in his delightful work.

Among the convents, the Latin seems to have the principal rank both in numbers and influence. It has twelve monks, and eight lay brethren, — a small number, indeed, but all of them busy. The people, half of whom are Catholics, regard these monks with the greatest veneration, defer to them in all matters temporal as well as spiritual, and supply them abundantly with all the necessities of life. The number of inhabitants of Bethlehem is about four thousand. They have for honesty and sobriety a bad reputation. Unlike the Moslems at Hebron, they are much given to wine; and they cherish toward the government, which has disarmed them and never ceases to pillage them, a most vindictive hatred. Except in their convent, which is their castle, they have nothing interesting to show; for even the monks are afraid to mention those grottoes where the Virgin hid forty

days from the vengeance of Herod, and whitened the rock by the drops which fell from her breast.

Bethlehem is called, in the Scripture, the city of David. There he was born; and there Samuel came to find, among the sons of Jesse, the youth who should be king hereafter. In the intense light of faith which has here distinguished the associations of the birth of Christ, the connection of Bethlehem with the earlier King of the Jews has been almost forgotten; and even the well by the gateway has been so filled up with rubbish, that the wish of David, which many a traveller here is ready to utter, cannot be gratified any longer. As you ride along the ridge, after leaving the gateway, you look down upon a plain, deep down in the valley, where the sheep around the shepherd will remind you of that holy night when shepherds saw the glory of God, and heard the chant of the angel-voices. Sad that you cannot see as well the signs of that earlier rustic tale, so sweet and simple, where the young Moabite, cleaving unto her mother, came to glean in these fields, following the reapers in their toil, till the reward of her piety was given in her alliance with the chief husbandman of the land, and in her race the ancient honor of the "house of abundance" — Bethlehem-Ephratah — was revived, and from this grafting of a worthy alien stock arose the royal stem which bore the glory of Judah, and, at last, the Messiah of prophecy. The men of Moab come now to those still fertile fields; but it is to menace and plunder the trembling reapers. The remnant saved of the harvest must be laid an offering at the feet of masters; but no honor shall come therefrom to the reluctant servants who bring it. The grace of Boaz is not continued with the Turkish masters.

C. H. B.

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#### A LARGE LIFE IN A NARROW PLACE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You told me to write you some account of that Mrs. B. I told you of, and in whom I said you would have as much interest as I if you knew her. I will tell you part of what I remember; but you will not expect a volume.

Here is scene first. . . .

She was not a pretty woman; still less was she as angelic-look-

ing as one fancies a "ministering angel" like her should be. On the contrary, she had brownish hair, a palish and rather freckled complexion, and a quiet, ordinary look, entirely in keeping with her employment, which seemed to be sorting bundles of needlework. As she was quite alone, and responded to my tap with a lively welcome and a smile, I asked her if she were not lonely rather; if her husband were always gone all day; and, in short, perhaps I half expressed in my inquiring face what was very much in my mind; viz., "Have not you, a woman with no children, and a husband who is in his store from morning till night, a very stupid time?"

She was boarding at the same house with us, for a few weeks, while her own house was being painted; and I had looked at her, once or twice, without the slightest feeling of interest, and had now called to pass a few minutes with her, by way of common courtesy. I suppose a thought of the ever-busy life I led myself with my half-dozen children, and perhaps the sight of the work-basket without the objects for work, crossed my mind: at all events, I had unconsciously put the finishing touch to the picture I before had of her, — ordinary, rich, objectless, *industrious*, as I have seen women, who sewed for dear life all the time because they were too lazy to think or to read or to talk. So, as I said before, I spoke a word of what was in my heart, and asked her if she were not lonely rather.

"Oh! never lonely!" she exclaimed with a bright smile that took away all the freckles.

"Then your work-basket is company for you?"

"Oh! these bundles of work are for my children," said she.

"But I understood your husband to say you had no children," I answered, with surprise.

"Six or seven at least now; sometimes nine and ten." Seeing my astonishment, she said, "I call them my children; and really they seem so, they have been so long under my care; and some of them do call me mother. That was one who came here yesterday, while you stood at the door with me. She came to ask my leave to stay out of town another week."

"Do you mean," said I, "that these are children you are educating, — adopted children?"

"Oh, no, — not at all! only seeing to them generally."

"You mean they are orphan children?"



"No, not orphans. Sometimes I almost wish they were. The parents give me twice as much trouble as the children, they are so inconsiderate, and so difficult to persuade."

"And you are making up garments here for poor children, then, are you?"

"Oh, no! They are going to make their own garments; but then I have been cutting and preparing them."

"Why, I should think it would be as troublesome to do that as to make the garments yourself."

"It is so, — twice as troublesome; but then they must learn, you know."

"So you let them make the articles themselves at home, and their mothers teach them?"

"Not a bit of it. How can the mothers do that? They are almost every day away from home at work; or, if at home, they have no time to sew, still less to show their children how."

"Then how are they to learn?" I asked, with perfect simplicity.

"I teach them, of course," she answered, with just as much simplicity; but, oh, how different in quality!

I staid with Mrs. B. two hours and more; and the next day, and the next, I sat at her feet, and learned of her. She was a younger woman than I, — childless, without the abundant blessings I had; but the fruitage of the heart, — how rich, how glowing, how abundantly, it hung from every bough! How starved and pinched seemed my daily round of duty, compared with her ample and bounteous one; scattering with serene hand, wherever she walked, good gifts of kindness, love, encouragement; changing the flinty road of life for these little ones to upward slopes, where shone the sun of kindly hope and success!

She was very modest, — I should rather say unconscious; for she seemed ignorant that she possessed any peculiar gift, or that she had made of her one talent ten. From time to time, and in answer to my inquiries, she told me what she had done, or rather what she tried to do. She narrated some of her life-experiences, and told me some of her difficulties. Now and then I would follow her story, with keen sympathy, from point to point, thinking what I would do in such and such a case. But I never was right. I had never thought of the right remedy, or never applied it right. Once I said, "I never had the least luck with the poor.

They always have proved ungrateful and disagreeable every way. They generally cheat and impose on me. And though I keep giving, partly because it seems as if I had no right to possess without giving of my abundance, yet, upon my word, I really think I do more harm than good; and often and often it seems a sinful indulgence in me to give."

She did not laugh at me when I told her some of my ridiculous experiences; but, evidently, she was too shrewd ever to have been caught in the same nets I had been. She possessed what is called common sense, and had added to the guilelessness of the dove the wisdom of the world, — I don't like to say of the serpent, for there was nothing sinuous or tortuous about her. All was fair, sensible, direct, in her manner and mind; and, armed with the panoply of Christian meekness and firmness, she was not afraid of any thing.

One day, I asked her to tell me something about Dennis Forgarty, a young man with but one leg, who had been once or twice to the house to see her. She told me, at some length, his story, with some circumstances which had an interest for me more than they can have for you; but I will try to tell it mainly to you, because his story will give you a better idea of my Mrs. Bernard than I can present you with if I write all day.

Dennis was carrying a load of cloth from one mill to another; and, while so doing, a railroad car knocked against him, and the wheel passed over his leg. It was necessary to amputate it; and, a number of months after, it remained unhealed. The family was miserably poor, hard-working, improvident, and almost brutish. The moving spirit among them was the mother, who was soon after left a widow, with three children besides Dennis, who was a boy of fifteen or sixteen years. He was confined to his bed, she learned, for many months, — the stump of the leg continuing unhealed, — and suffering, at times, great pain. The mother and son united in attributing the state of the wound to the neglect and ignorance of the surgeon; but, as Mrs. Bernard knew the surgeon, she readily perceived other and sufficient cause for his illness. He was badly cared for; and, in return for his profane and violent abuse of his mother, he seems to have received only a cordial invitation to take himself, somehow or other, out of the house. The only daughter married, and went away some hundred miles; and, as soon as Dennis's wound would admit of his

removal, he was placed in a railroad carriage, and sent to the brother-in-law to be taken care of. Meantime, as the season wore on, the mother left L——, and came to Boston with her two remaining children. After trying to support herself in some way for a few weeks, she was surprised to receive, consigned to her care, her son Dennis. It seemed that the brother-in-law, a hard-working man, considered Dennis an unlawful burden for his shoulders, and refused to take care of him any longer than a year; at the expiration of which time, he was sent to Boston to Mrs. Fogarty. Mrs. Bernard accidentally found him as she was visiting a sick woman in Eliot Street. The woman told her that in the next room lay a boy very sick, and deserted by his family. They had gone away the day before, and left him unable to stir from his bed.

Mrs. Bernard entered the room, and sat down by him. She inquired gently about his leg, and his other ailments and circumstances, but got no answer but the most shocking oaths and violent denunciations. Finding it of no use to talk to him in his present mood, she left him, sent him whatever was necessary for his present comfort, and also sent a person to take care of him. The next day, she took her family physician to examine into his case. The physician pronounced the case a bad one, and said that another amputation was necessary. The language of Dennis, on hearing this statement, was frightful. He protested that he never would endure it, and that all he wished to live for was to revenge himself on the surgeon, who had, as he said, deprived him of his leg and his life.

There seemed no use in reasoning with such a person as this. But Mrs. Bernard is, as I told you, a woman of remarkable perseverance. She left Dennis, and wrote to the surgeon who had amputated the leg. The surgeon, who is known to be a man of great sensibility and benevolence, immediately answered her letter, recommending her not to attempt to soften the flint of Dennis's heart, as it was a hopeless business. He said he was the very worst boy he knew. He had already been twice in the House of Correction, and was noted for his brutality and viciousness. As to the leg, he said he would come to Boston and amputate it gratuitously, if Dennis would allow him to do so; and added, that, as Dennis's ruling passion was avarice, the best way for Mrs.

Bernard to do would be to bribe the young man to have it done. He would himself give twenty-five dollars for that purpose.

"And did you offer it to him, Mrs. Bernard?" said I, for it really seemed a very good loophole.

"No, *indeed*," she answered, decidedly. "Never one cent. That would have destroyed all possible influence over him." No: she went to Dennis, and essayed, for the third or fourth time, to move his heart, if he had any. To all her arguments he opposed the same brutal and harsh negatives. At length, she said, —

"Well, Dennis, if you choose to go your own way, go. You will be taken to Deer Island, and there you will get such help as they can give you; and, if you live through, you must get along as you can. But, Dennis, if you will do as I wish you to, I will take care of you through your sickness; and, when you get well, I will find you a place, and see to you, and *you shall be made a man of*."

The dark places of Dennis's heart and thought were lighted up by this lambent flame of womanly sympathy and patient encouragement. He gave up the contest; he bore the amputation; he recovered; he obtained a place; served his master, a shoemaker, a year, and was then taken into partnership; is married, and a respectable and happy member of society. *He is made a man of*. From the day of this last conversation, Mrs. Bernard told me, Dennis had never given her any cause of dissatisfaction. His path upward was steady, without any faltering. She spoke of him with great interest; but he was only one of the lambs that she had gathered into her fold. Of her various modes of exercising her benevolence I could not well speak without hurting her delicacy, or perhaps betraying her identity. But they are exceedingly interesting and instructive. They show what may be done by a gentle woman with the kingdom of heaven in her heart, the law of kindness on her lips, and good common sense in her conduct.

As for me (who was sometime swollen with vanity and self-appreciation), when I compared myself unknown to herself unknown, how dwarfed and stunted do I find my character, every way, compared with that of this quiet, indefatigable, benevolent being! What angels do stand before the Lord, for her, of the souls saved through her means! And I had been thinking she lived a useless life because no child called her mother! I take

shame to myself for thus sitting in judgment on such a woman as she; and I wish, what is out of the question, that I could equal her in rational activity, and a proper use of life. But she is one of a thousand. I am glad to write to you something of her, dear friend; for, though I can give no picturesque grouping, nor bright coloring, to my picture, the figures are all real, and the incidents literal; and it is good for us to contemplate such figures and incidents. And so farewell!

H. N.

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THE OLD YEAR.

THE Old Year has departed;  
The good Old Year is dead:  
He died last night in silence,  
And not a tear was shed.

In silence he departed,  
With none to watch and wait;  
He died with none beside him;  
He lieth not in state.

Who blest his locks of silver?  
Who mourned his tottering feet?  
Who cometh up with questions?  
Who names him on the street?

Who looked last night in sadness  
Upon the setting sun?  
Who grieved, that, ere its rising,  
His work would all be done?

The world went to its slumbers,  
The Old Year lying low;  
Without a mournful accent,  
It let the Old Year go.

Yet countless were the treasures  
The Old Year with him bore,  
From human hearts for ever,  
To the eternal shore;—

Glad hearts that gave him welcome,  
With forward-looking gaze,  
Now looking back, in sadness,  
On dark, mysterious days, —

Days when the fold was entered,  
And smiles exchanged for tears, —  
Great days of mighty sorrow,  
That lengthened into years.

And when the Old Year dieth,  
These only hear the roar  
Of waves for ever breaking  
Upon a distant shore.

And other homes have brightened  
Since the day the Old Year came :  
From out these, too, in silence,  
He passeth just the same.

At quiet hour of midnight,  
No dirgelike strain was heard ;  
His faithful service ended  
Without a parting word ; —

Went down among the shadows,  
The Old Year kind and true :  
All eyes, from him averted,  
Were watching for the New.

All bid the New Year welcome ;  
None bade the Old Year wait :  
Without a sigh or murmur,  
He yielded to his fate.

Thus silently, for ever,  
The Old must pass away ;  
And man for ever looketh  
Unto a better day. .

S. F. C.

SALEM, Jan. 1, 1856.

## A YEAR OF TRIAL; OR, LESSONS OF "THE TIMES."

## CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BELTRAVERS did not forget the proposed call on Mrs. Selby, as Miss Leslie supposed she would; and the latter had no little difficulty in putting off her persevering friend from time to time, which she did, on one pretext or another, until Mrs. Beltravers, whose ardent temperament made delays of any sort extremely irksome, resolved that it should be postponed no longer. Accordingly, one afternoon in October, she appeared at Miss Leslie's boarding-house, and announced her intention of paying a visit to Mrs. Selby that very day.

"It's no use, Esther, talking to me: my mind is made up to go to Mrs. Selby's; and go I will. If you will accompany me, well and good; if not, why you know your account of Mrs. Selby has not been such as to render the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* with her very alarming."

"But," said Miss Leslie, "she may, and probably will, be occupied with her children."

"So much the better," was the answer: "I love children, and can win them, you know; and we'll be friends at once. Don't I know the way to a mother's heart, if I have no children of my own?" half sighing, half laughing, as she concluded the sentence.

"Well," said Miss Leslie, knowing of old it was no use to argue the matter with her determined friend, "if you are bent upon it, I suppose it's best for me to go with you; but don't expect Mrs. Selby to be dazzled by your splendor or overpowered by your condescension: she's not that sort of a woman at all, I assure you; and she has met with people, before now, as exalted as Mrs. Beltravers."

"Come, Esther, be good-natured for once, do. I don't care how many cross things you say to me, — I'm used to you; but I feel uncommonly good, and I want you to enjoy with me the walk this glorious autumn afternoon."

"The walk? Is it possible you are on foot? Why, it's a mile or more to Mrs. Selby's; and you walk so seldom."

"No matter: it's one of my whims, if you choose to have it so,



to walk to-day; and this month, you know, is the queen of the year to me."

"O Julia! (they had been schoolgirls together,) "if you would only follow out your whims a little oftener!"

"You are such an advocate for people's being governed by impulse!"

"I am, if their impulses are like yours in the present instance."

Nothing more was said; for Mrs. Beltravers was unusually thoughtful, and Miss Leslie prepared for the walk in silence. She understood very well that Mrs. Beltravers thought it would be less ostentatious for her to visit Mrs. Selby in that manner than to go in her carriage, which was as elegant as any in M——.

For some distance, they pursued their way without either speaking, until their route led them through a lane, which, in summer, was a favorite walk with Miss Leslie; then beautiful in its trees, shrubs, and overhanging vines, of varying shades of green, now gorgeously arrayed in their many-colored robes of autumn foliage. Miss Leslie looked down upon the fallen leaves, which crisped and crumbled under her feet; and Mrs. Beltravers looked up at the brilliant hues over her head, and at the sun, whose rays, softened by the rich autumnal haze, diffused a peaceful beauty over the scene, while a gentle breeze agitated the branches of the trees. At length, Miss Leslie broke the silence by repeating, almost to herself: —

"See the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered, to the ground!  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound."

To whom Mrs. Beltravers enthusiastically responded, by repeating Bryant's beautiful lines: —

"Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath,  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death."

"Characteristic, is it not, Esther?" said Mrs. Beltravers, smiling. "How opposite our thoughts are in walking through this lane! It sets you at once into the moralizing mood. How you

seem to delight, allow me to say, in taking a downward view of things! while I, like the busy bee, seek to extract what honey I may, as I rove from flower to flower, content to bide my time for the dark and gloomy aspect of life. I acknowledge your superiority over me in Christian principles and practice: but suffer me to remind you that your dry and withered leaves fall and perish, to be reproduced again in new forms of life and beauty; and the body perishes, only that the soul may rise untrammelled to the more active service of its Maker, — God. What, then, is the need of speaking and looking so sadly, when all is so lovely around you?"

"Precisely because there are so many 'thoughtless mortals,' who will neither heed the warnings of nature's decay nor of the mortality around them, and spend their lives, 'like a tale that is told,' in vanity, frivolity, and idleness."

"Denied that we do thus spend our lives, even those of us whom you consider mere fashionists."

"Perhaps *you* do not, because your better nature has never been wholly deadened or perverted by your mode of life. But look around you, on your friends and acquaintances in the city as well as in the country, and tell me what sort of a life they, for the most part, are leading. I will not even ask you to include Mrs. Tilden, and such as she, in the number, because their minds and characters are too weak and vapid to be considered a fair specimen of any class; but, by way of illustration, such a woman as Mrs. Travers, of B——. Tell me if her life is one that renders the prospect of death and decay otherwise than gloomy."

"Perhaps not; and yet I am far from willing to acknowledge that even she, and such as she, are so given over to the world and vanity as you seem to imagine, Esther. You should not judge too harshly."

"I judge them by their actions. Mrs. Travers goes to church in the morning on Sunday, if the day is fine, and entertains company to dinner in the afternoon; never deeming it her duty to attend twice a day upon the ministrations of her excellent pastor, or to give any time to the religious instruction of her children."

"Yet she is considered a devoted mother."

"Yes, devoted to her children's worldly interests, — the very thing I complain of. In my humble opinion, there is no charac-

teristic of many parents, at the present day, which is calculated to work more evil in our New-England homes than this same devotion on their part to their children. It begins at the very cradle to engender a spirit of worldliness and selfishness, which is not only opposite to the holy spirit of our Christian religion, but is also destructive of all the noble and generous feelings of the heart."

"But Mrs. Travers is not devoted to the worldly interests of her children, to the entire exclusion of their spiritual. Her younger children, I know, attend the Sunday-school; and she wishes Anna, the eldest, to attend Mr. ——'s Bible-class."

"How much impression do you imagine their Sunday-school lessons make on their minds, in comparison with the influence of home, where all the apparent motives of action are inconsistent, to use the gentlest expression, with the instructions they receive there? Now, look at it, Julia, and see things as they are. Do you at all wonder that Anna, educated as she has been, and being, as she is even now, an embryo belle and beauty, should quite prefer the amusement she is allowed to participate in to joining a Bible-class?"

"It is very natural she should, considering her age and position. I think you altogether too severe in your condemnation both of Mrs. Travers and her children."

"I may speak strongly, Julia, as is my wont; but when I look around upon three-fourths of the leading families in society among my acquaintances, and behold the manner of their lives, and their weak indulgence of their children in amusements which are any thing but innocent, I look forward with dread to the prospect of those children becoming, in their turn, fathers and mothers, rulers and influential persons in the land. The latter, however, they never will become: that is a distinction reserved for the sons and daughters of our substantial farmers and mechanics, who have not yet been enervated by the luxurious and self-indulgent habits of the rich."

"Why, Esther, what a feminine cynic you are making of yourself!"

"Cynic or not, what I say is true. We are now, as I heard a gentleman remark a short time since, on one of the receding waves of progression and improvement; only it almost seems to me that the order has somehow been reversed, and that there must be

some mighty convulsion before the receding will become the advancing wave, and cleanse away, with its pure waters, the sin and defilement which have gathered on the places which it shall some day wash."

"I must confess, Esther, I do not see these things as you do, and I do not believe there is so much evil in the community as you say there is; neither do I understand why, if one woman does neglect the religious interests of her children, it is to be concluded that all do the same."

"I didn't say all did; but it is only necessary for you to open your eyes, and be unprejudiced in favor of *your* set, to see all I do. Why, it is not long since that I was present at a so-called child's party, when young Master G—— drank so much champagne that he was evidently the worse for it; and, although that was in the city, I have known of similar occurrences in the country. Late hours, wine-drinking, and dissipations, which are not good for older persons, must be ruinous to the health, morals, and characters of the young."

"Perhaps you are right: not having children of my own, I have never given much thought to the subject of the education of the young. But, if Mrs. Travers — and we will consider her a fair representative of the class so faulty in your estimation — errs with regard to her children, she is a very benevolent woman, — always ready to assist any one whose wants are made known to her."

"Whom she never visits to ascertain their special needs."

"She subscribes to several charitable societies."

"Which she never attends."

"But consider her large family, and multitudinous calls elsewhere."

"Yet she goes to the theatre, opera, concerts, and public lectures."

"At least, you cannot deny she is always ready with purse and hand for any special object of interest in the church, — fair, sale, or tea-party."

"Yes, it is pleasant to appear as lady patroness on such occasions."

"I declare, Esther, the visit to Mrs. Selby ought to be a most agreeable one to compensate for your savageness this afternoon," said Mrs. Beltravers at last, impatiently tapping the ground at

the same time with her parasol. "I believe you are half right, and no more; but if you will reserve the rest of your lecture till another day, and be a cheerful Christian for a while, look about here, and see what a lovely prospect is before and around us. I want no better argument in favor of some recreation and enjoyment than all this beauty, merely to charm the eye."

Miss Leslie turned, and both stood silently contemplating the inland view, which a slight rising of the ground, and an opening in the lane, afforded them.

To the right, a beautiful grove of maples and birches, glowing and burning in the sunlight, gave a vivid coloring even to the stunted savins beyond; while a rich interval of meadow, dotted with shrubs and trees, lay green and smiling before them, through which meandered a silvery stream, whose tiny waves danced to the music of the murmuring zephyr. In the distance rose the Blue Hills, looking down in majestic grandeur on the peaceful scene below.

With the exclamation from Mrs. Beltravers, "There is no place like M——, after all!" they turned away, and a short walk brought them to the cottage, where they found Mrs. Selby quite at leisure to receive them; that is, with only one baby in her arms, who was comparatively easy and quiet.

Miss Leslie had been no stranger in the cottage for the last few weeks; and she was received cordially, and Mrs. Beltravers politely and gracefully, by Mrs. Selby, who did not consider it necessary to apologize for her occupation. There was something so frank and pleasing in Mrs. Beltravers, when she chose to appear so, that Mrs. Selby was won at once, and they were soon engaged in an animated conversation; while Miss Leslie talked to Louise, who had become a great favorite with her. Presently Master Charlie appeared, not quite in the condition his mother had depicted him some weeks previous, in her description of an imaginary visit from Mrs. Beltravers, but not quite as she liked to see him. However, tumbled hair and soiled apron were fully atoned for by his bright, intelligent face, and his ready response to Mrs. Beltravers's "How are you, my little fellow?" and he was soon chatting freely with her, and telling her of all his little pleasures; adding, with great animation, —

"And I've just had a real ride on Prince!"

"Prince? Who's Prince?"

"Oh! Clary Alen's pony. We did go so fast, it was fine!"

"How old are you, Charlie?"

"Charlie most three, mummer says," he answered, standing on tiptoe, as if to impress Mrs. Beltravers more forcibly with his advanced age; "and Charlie read A B G's, and spell cat and dog and boy; and Charlie can talk plain now, Sarah say."

Mrs. Selby explained that Sarah's prim notions were somewhat disturbed by Charlie's baby-talk, and she had really improved him very much in his pronunciation.

"Should you like to go home and live with me, Charlie?" said Mrs. Beltravers. "I have a little pony, and no little boy to ride him; and we have hens and chickens, and a dog, and pretty kittens."

"And no little baby-sissies?" asked Charlie, with open eyes.

"No: there would be no one but you for all the playthings. You could do as you like, if you were good. Will you go, if mamma is willing?"

"But mummer can't never spare Charlie, she say so; and Charlie never leave mummer; and Charlie don't want all the playthings heself, — no, indeed!" And the little fellow moved away, as if afraid that Mrs. Beltravers would carry him home, willing or not willing.

"That's right, Charlie," said Miss Leslie. "Mamma and baby-sisters are worth more than all the fine things in the world, aren't they?"

"Charlie like pretty things; but he love mummer and sissies most."

"This must be a child after your own heart, Esther," said Mrs. Beltravers; "one who is not to be bribed from home by the indulgences and luxuries you so much condemn. Come back to me, Charlie," she added, "and I will not oblige you to accept my offer; but perhaps your mamma will let you and your sister come and pass a day with me some time when she knows me well enough to trust me. Would you like to?"

"Yes, Charlie like to go with Loo, and come back at night; but mummer has no little boy but Charlie, and he must come then to kiss, and say good-night."

"Will you trust them with me some day, Mrs. Selby? Esther will vouch for my not injuring them with improper food."

She has actually allowed me to have a little niece of hers, who was under her care, a whole week at a time."

Mrs. Selby replied, with a simple straightforwardness which always characterized her, that, if Mrs. Beltravers should continue to wish it, the children might go at some future time.

Miss Leslie smiled; and Mrs. Beltravers laughed, and said, —

"Miss Leslie is quite triumphant, I dare say, that you should have discovered I am a creature of impulse: however, some of my impulses continue long enough to enable me to remember my promises; which, perhaps, is more than some others do."

Rising to go, she cordially invited Mrs. Selby to return her visit, if she could leave her children; but, if she could not, begging to be allowed to visit her again.

Mrs. Selby thanked her for her politeness, and said, "My work and pleasure lie at home at present, Mrs. Beltravers; but I shall always be happy to see you here, if it will afford you any gratification to come."

"Well!" said Miss Leslie, triumphantly, after they left the cottage, "what do you think of Mrs. Tilden's 'good and inoffensive person'?"

"I think, Esther, that you and I both might profit by taking lessons from her. I should pause to think, in her presence, before uttering some of my crude and hastily formed opinions; and perchance you might learn of her somewhat of that charity which suffereth long and is kind, which, pardon me, sometimes I think you lack."

"Very true," replied Miss Leslie, who was by no means wanting in candor: "I confess I do often find my fault-finding propensity sorely reprov'd by Mrs. Selby's gentle though correct judgment of others. I think she sees and deplotes, as quickly and deeply as I do, the evils of society; but she is more hopeful than I am, and, I confess it, more Christian. It is a pity her sphere of influence is so contracted. I think her one of those rare characters who affect for good all with whom they come in contact, and that without appearing to be aware that they are different from others."

"Just so, Esther. The violet and the lily, world-renowned emblems with poets of humility and purity, perfume the air around them with their rich fragrance, affecting even the transient passer-by with emotions of grateful pleasure, while they them-



selves are hidden in their quiet nooks, or under the shelter of their protecting leaves, and must be sought to be seen : so it is, I judge, with your friend. From her conversation to-day, I should not take her to be one who is for ever making a parade of her own principles or conduct, nor one who deems her opinions and practice the laws of the Medes and Persians to others ; but rather one whose simple and unobtrusive performance of duty emits, like the violet and lily, a fragrance so sweet and alluring as to charm all within her sphere. How I delight in such characters ! and how I despise their opposites ! — those self-righteous pharisees, who arrogate to themselves peculiar sanctity, and say to others, ' I am holier than thou ; ' and those conceited worldlings, who make for themselves a code of morals and duty, and are all the time saying, *I do so and so ; I never do this or that ;* ' as if their poor, weak, fallible judgments were to be the criterion of the world's conduct ! One comfort for you, Esther : however severe you may be, you don't set yourself up for a pattern, nor seem to intimate that everybody else must do just as you do."

" I wonder who is severe now, Julia ? I might recommend to *you*, perhaps, a little of that charity you so urgently enjoined upon me a few minutes since," said Miss Leslie, good-humoredly. " However, you speak my sentiments. I encountered a person of this latter stamp only this morning, who irritated me exceedingly in some remarks she made about our minister's wife, in relation to the course the latter saw fit to pursue in some trifling matter in the parish, in which she refrain of all her discourse was, ' I should never have done such a thing.' And the best of it all was, she's not a member of our parish. For my part, I think that much-criticized class in society, ministers' wives, should at least be spared the animadversions of other than their own people. I asked the lady if she expected ministers' wives to be faultless, or free from errors in judgment."

" What answer did she make ? "

" ' Oh, no ! of course not ; if I did, I should be terribly disappointed, as *I* don't see that they are better than other folks,' was her reply."

" To which I merely said, that I saw no reason why so much more should be expected of a minister's wife than of any other professedly Christian woman, — she having the same infirmities of disposition, and the same trials to contend with, to say the

least, as other people have. She thought at least they should set a good example, and take the lead in all society matters. I agreed with her as to the first, but begged leave to differ from her with regard to the latter. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'your minister's wife comes among you, young and inexperienced, and with the best intentions to fulfil her whole duty; but if you immediately call upon her to take the place, either of an experienced predecessor, or of any one among yourselves who from age or knowledge of the people is much better qualified to take the lead than she could be, the chances are that she fails, either through excess of enthusiasm, which blinds her judgment, or a timidity which causes her at once to be pronounced inefficient.' "

"Well done, Esther! What said your opponent to that?"

"She said she thought it was a pity that ministers should so often marry such silly young things. Which allegation, as the lawyers say, I denied, telling her that their position was such as exposed to the searching eye of fault-finders all their weaknesses; that, with regard to their youth, one would scarcely wish to see a young minister yoked to an experienced elderly lady. 'Well,' said she, somewhat tartly, 'neither the wife of your or my minister can now plead extreme youth for their indiscretions or shirking of duty.' 'But,' said I, 'perhaps they can plead a nature common with ours, and many home duties, which can scarcely be neglected for parish duties.' I might have spared myself the argument, however; for the lady continued of 'the same opinion still;' and I left her marvelling at the distortion of many persons' mental vision."

"There is my carriage, Esther: I told Thomas to meet us here. Will you get in?"

"No, thank you, Julia. I have a visit to pay to Mrs. D——: she's under my charge, you know; and the cold is coming on apace. So, hoping you'll survive the moralizing I've treated you to, I'll say good afternoon."

"Never fear, Esther, but I shall survive it, since I have lived ten years under the almost daily infliction of it, and am in good condition yet. I will do you the justice to say, however, I have been able to extract some sweets from your bitterest words."

When Mr. Selby returned at night, his wife informed him of the visit she had received from Mrs. Beltravers, and told him how

much she was pleased with her frank and cordial manners. Immediately a shade of his old jealousy passed over his face, and he said, impatiently, —

“I hope she didn’t come out of curiosity, or a disposition to patronize you.”

Mrs. Selby laughed, and said, “A lady in Mrs. Beltravers’s position would scarcely visit me out of curiosity; and certainly her manners toward me were not patronizing. I suppose she called from having become interested in us through our mutual friends, Mrs. Alden and Miss Leslie.”

“Well, Ellen, I’m glad you are getting to be appreciated at last. I never fancied Miss Leslie much when we lived in the city, she always seemed so on the look-out for flaws in everybody and every thing; but she’s more agreeable now, I must say. Is she changed?”

“Not essentially, I think. She had the same kind heart then as now; only we were prosperous then, and not in a condition to call forth her better feelings. You would scarcely believe, Edward, that one who is so cold and cynical toward certain persons would be so tender and compassionate with the poor and suffering. Mrs. Grant tells me that she gave two-thirds of her time in the city to visiting among the poor and sick, and does all that she can find to do here among the same class, besides making garments to send to the ‘ministers at large’ in the city.”

“How happens it that she possesses two such opposite natures?”

“She has met with great trials, — trials of a kind, too, to shake the faith of almost any one in the reality of goodness or virtue. You knew her lover, a Christian man, too, as she thought, forsook her for her more beautiful younger sister, whom he married; and her own brother defrauded her of a large portion of her handsome property; and, although he is now a rich man again, he refuses to indemnify her.”

“Poor thing! I had forgotten these facts, if I ever knew them. No wonder she is so severe sometimes.”

“No wonder, perhaps, but scarcely right. She must see hers is an extraordinary case of injury.”

“Well, we most of us find the natural man hard to conquer, — I do, I know; although Dr. Lester complimented me to-day on my looking so much more cheerful than I used to; or, as he

expressed it in his blunt way, less as if I were an Ishmaelite, with my hand against every man, and every man's hand against me. I told him, if it were so, it was all owing to you, Ellen. To which he said, it was a pity he had not taken a wife when a young man: in that case, he might have been tamed down, perhaps, into a refined gentleman. 'However,' he continued, 'all the women in the world are not Ellen Selbys. I tell you what, Selby: I know something of life and society, fashionable and otherwise, for my profession enables me to see a good deal of it; and, in three-fourths of the visits I make, I assure you I congratulate myself that I've no such specimens of womankind to bear my name and rear my children.'"

"So like his manner of talking! Who would ever guess that he has for years been attached to Miss Leslie?"

"Miss Leslie?"

"Yes, Miss Leslie, even before her unfortunate engagement. Whether she will ever reward his constancy, I do not know."

The conversation was here interrupted by hearing Rose, who had been asleep in the adjoining bedroom, in one of her paroxysms of coughing. Both parents hastened to her. Formerly, the name of Rose seemed appropriate to this child, with her bright, healthy countenance, sparkling eyes, and joyous, playful nature; but now, if she bore any resemblance to the queen of flowers, it was to "the last rose of summer," which, faded and withered, awaits the first cold of autumn to sever it from its parent stem. So our little Rose paled and drooped, till it seemed as if she, too, was passing away, in the period of nature's decay and death, with the falling leaf and dying year.

The gentle breeze of the afternoon had given place to a cold, autumnal wind, which sounded among the branches of the old elm like a mournful requiem over the departed glories of summer, and awakened a sad echo in the mother's heart as she pressed her darling closer and closer to her bosom. Since the illness of the twins, Rose had clung to her mother with a pertinacity which rendered it extremely painful for the latter to relinquish her, even for a brief space, to any one else; while Lily's comparatively lighter sickness rendered her more willing to be amused by the other children, or to be taken by the precise Sarah, who had become very fond of the quiet, gentle child.

But Mrs. Selby's own health was evidently failing under her

accumulated cares and anxieties; for, in addition to her children's sickness, she had the lesser but perplexing trial of making both ends meet with a small income: for she still retained the management of their domestic expenditures, from considerations of economy, as well as the desire of relieving her husband of a care that had always been distasteful to him.

The prospect before her was exceedingly discouraging, especially for the coming winter. All articles of food and fuel were high, and still rising in price; and, although they could live upon their income now, there was no surplus for sickness, or unexpected calls of any kind. And then their physician's bill, — were they again to incur such obligations, and to one upon whose unwearied kindness and attention to them they had not even the claim of past friendship or even old acquaintance? These thoughts, and such as these, would arise in Mrs. Selby's mind; and, it must be admitted, they disturbed at times even her cheerful faith. But as the cold season advanced, and Rose grew worse rather than better, all minor evils were lost sight of in the impending cloud which seemed to be about overshadowing them; and she no longer dreaded Dr. Clarke's visits because they might not be able to pay him for his services: but she hailed him as the kind friend, upon whose skill, under God's providence, depended the life of her child.

Dr. Clarke came in one day, — after Rose had had one of her most violent paroxysms of coughing, and lay panting and exhausted in her mother's arms, — and found Mrs. Selby looking pale and haggard to an unusual degree.

"The care of this little child is too much for your strength, Mrs. Selby," he said. "Can you not give yourself any relief from it? You must consider how important your own health is to the rest of your family."

"It is not what I do for her that wears upon me, Dr. Clarke," she replied, "so much as the anxiety I feel about her, and the pain her sufferings cause me; and these feelings, you know, no one can relieve me from."

"True, most true," said the doctor, rising, and walking hastily to and fro; for he himself had passed through that ordeal which tries and purifies a parent's heart as no other discipline can, — the sickness and death of children. Full well he knew the anguish of witnessing sufferings which neither his fatherly love nor

his medical skill could alleviate. If his own feelings had been intense, he knew that much more so must be those of a faithful and untiring mother, whom no stern duties call abroad; whose place is ever by the side of the child for whom she has suffered; and in whom she has rejoiced, with that deep love which grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of its object.

After a few minutes' silence, Dr. Clarke said, cheerfully, —

"We must still hope, Mrs. Selby, that the child will recover. She has evidently a very strong constitution. This should be the turning-point in her disease. I wish you now to try a new course of treatment with her, which hitherto I have not deemed it expedient to employ. The case is an obstinate one, and has been more unyielding to remedies than any, with a single exception, I have ever had."

He then gave directions, which he wished strictly attended to, and left, again urging Mrs. Selby to take care of her own health.

But how could she, whose nights of watching or broken slumber were followed by days of care and toil? A wife's and a mother's duties are positive and imperative; even, if circumstances require it, calling for entire self-forgetfulness. No Christian mother will wantonly trifle with her health; for she knows she is responsible to God for that, as well as for the other gifts he has bestowed: but every Christian mother, to the last, will labor and strive for those whose well-being and happiness God has intrusted to her; and Ellen Selby was not one to neglect a parent's or a Christian's duties. The strength which she needed was given her by that tender and compassionate Father whose hand upholds his children in every hour of trial. If her cheek grew paler, and her step at times more languid, — and that such was the case was very evident to her friends, — she was still equal to her duties, although the shadow of impending evil rested so heavily upon her that she found it difficult always to maintain her accustomed cheerfulness.

## THE CLOSED HEART.

AND shall the door be held so fast,  
 And bolts and bars across it cast,  
 And soft affections all depart,  
 Warned rudely off from this closed heart ?

Shall Pity's timid knock be vain ?  
 Friendship's true foot no entrance gain ?  
 Shall honest Love, who circles home  
 With comforts rare, be bid to roam ?

Say'st thou, my soul, that Care and Pain  
 Tread ever in Affection's train ?  
 Therefore the door is held so fast,  
 And bolts and bars across it cast.

O foolish soul ! look out, and see  
 How long the coming train may be !  
 Shut out the fair, the meek, the true !  
 Shut out the dark and stern ones too !

But, oh ! behind them, trooping on,  
 Comes glorious Faith, in jewels won  
 In many a fight with Pain and Care ;  
 And holy Peace and Joy come there.

Unclose my heart ! set wide the door !  
 Linked as ye are, advance, explore !  
 Missioned by God, as ye come in,  
 Out goes the lurking traitor, Sin !

L. J. H.



## LETTER ON THE ATONEMENT.

MY BROTHER, — In your January number, you published a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Dutton, of New Haven, on "The Relation of the Atonement to Holiness." That sermon contains a clear and strong statement, from the writer's point of view, of a doctrine which may well be considered fundamental, and in regard to which all probationers and sinners must desire to know the truth. I have no wish to controvert a discourse whose subject is momentous, and whose spirit and aim are excellent; but I do wish to understand, better than I can from any thing here said, the author's reasons for taking a stand-point which has no basis or justification in the word of God, if I read that word aright. Will you suffer me to ask a few questions with reference to it, in the temper of charity, and with a view to the truth alone?

I allude to that which Mr. Dutton more than once calls the "ground of forgiveness," and the only ground on which it was possible for God to pardon even the penitent. That I may do no injustice to his view, let me give his own definition of the doctrine.

"The fact of the atonement is this, — that Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, by his life and his death, and especially by his death, has constituted a just ground of divine pardon for penitent and believing sinners, — has done that with which sinners, if repentant and loyal, may be justly pardoned, and without which, sinners, though repentant and loyal, cannot be justly pardoned." Again: he speaks of the atonement as "such a manifestation of God's *regard for the law*, such an honoring of the law by him, as renders it just and safe to pardon penitent transgressors of the law." And further on, making it clear that by the "penitent" the writer means the obedient, the holy even, he says, "It was essential to their forgiveness that there be laid a *just ground* of forgiveness. Without that, the sinful could not be forgiven and favored by God, even if it turned from sin to holiness."

The Italics are Mr. Dutton's; and there can be no mistake as to his meaning. He asserts what many have said before, but what none, to my knowledge, have ever proved, or so much as

attempted to prove, from the Scriptures; viz., that except through Christ's offering and satisfaction, if I may not say substitution for the sinner, it would not be just or safe for God to pardon even the penitent, the loyal, the holy; and, as a necessary inference, I suppose Mr. Dutton to believe and teach, that, had not Christ died, or had not the nature and purpose of his sacrifice been made known and believed, the penitent, the loyal, and the holy, as well as the impenitent and disobedient, must sink into eternal perdition. But, in this last, I may do Mr. Dutton injustice; though I cannot see how to avoid the inference, or how to understand less from the assertion, that, "without this, the sinful could not be forgiven and favored by God, even if it turned from sin to holiness." What room then would be left, or what power is there in God himself, what disposition even, save in view of Christ's mediation, to make any difference between the penitent and impenitent, the holy and the wicked? Does Mr. Dutton mean to shut us up to such a view of the divine character and government?

But let me charge nothing beyond the letter. We will not ask, it were better if men had never asked, what God could do or would do under any different conditions, but what has he done, and what does he require us to do or believe; and this can be fully known only through revelation. We will not go to reason or nature alone for an answer to this question. Mr. Dutton and his brethren may *think* it would not be right or safe for God to forgive on repentance only; but they will not ask us to follow their reason or ideas of right, any more than our own. Our own, we confess, do not disclose to us any thing wrong or dangerous in the forgiveness of the truly penitent, and the acceptance of the obedient and holy; especially when we find that God has *promised* to forgive and accept those who repent and forsake sin.

To God's word we appeal. Will Mr. Dutton point us to a single passage of the Bible which asserts or intimates that those who turn "from sin to holiness" cannot be pardoned, except through the act and offering of another? Where is it said or implied that God cannot of himself, or will not, receive back to his favor "penitent transgressors of the law"? Where are we taught that something must occur out of God's character to enable him to forgive the repentant and the loyal?

If any thing is clear in the Old or New Testament, it is clear that God *promised* from the beginning to pardon the *repentant* sinner, annexing no other condition or qualification. Will Mr. Dutton deny this? Let him look again at those chapters of Ezekiel (eighteenth and thirty-third) from which he has taken the words so constantly separated from their connection, and he will find as direct and strong an assurance — yea, as solemn a promise — as language can express, or God convey, that the soul which turneth from its sins shall *not* die; and this is repeated so often, and so emphatically, in connection with the words quoted, — “The soul that sinneth, it shall die,” — that one would think the Spirit that dictated the whole foresaw the controversy, and resolved, if possible, to decide the question in advance. How it is that our brethren overlook this or forget it, and continue for centuries to assume and assert the opposite, is beyond our comprehension; and when we also remember how decidedly all Christ’s teachings (*his* authority would seem first and sufficient on such a point, above all) and parables oppose the popular creed, and agree in inculcating the lesson of the “prodigal son,” we are the more perplexed.

Will Mr. Dutton say that such parables and promises are in anticipation of the death of Christ, and take all their efficacy from that great sacrifice? Where does he learn it? How does he know it, or how venture to build a system on such an assumption, and mere inference of reason, if reason it be?

Do not suppose that I seize upon this one aspect of the discourse, to the forgetfulness or undervaluing of its higher character and spiritual purpose: with that purpose I fully sympathize, and take no pleasure in dwelling on differences and difficulties. But truth is essential, as none insist more than they to whom this *Concio ad Clerum* was addressed; and truth is not more precious to them, or more saving, than to us. The doctrine to which I have referred lies at the basis of a vast theological system, and forms a great part of the material of preaching. If it be error, they who thus believe and preach must wish to be convinced of it; or if, as is probably the case, the fixed forms of speech in which this doctrine has always been presented are only forms, not meaning to the minds familiar with them what they once meant, and still appear to mean, it were better to discard or modify them. They are not scriptural forms; and if not accordant with

the sense-of Scripture, especially if not authorized, but opposed, by the Saviour's own teaching, they must work evil, and help to perpetuate the mutual misunderstanding of believers in Christianity. That Mr. Dutton does allow himself in using language to which he would not give the strict and ordinary sense, we would fain believe, when, beside the points noticed already, we find him speaking of God's dying. Thus he writes, with his own emphasis: "*God*, not man, — *God*, who created the heavens, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, and whom angels adore, — *he* took upon himself our nature, and laid down his life." We had supposed that no Christians believed this now, or suffered themselves to use the language, except Romanists. Those Protestants who hold to the double nature of Christ commonly repel the idea that any but the human nature — man — died; and, though it is difficult to see in this an infinite expiation, we would rather put this construction upon their language than suppose them to assert that a self-existent Being, the Creator and Sustainer of all things, actually expired, — "was crucified and buried."

The doctrine of reconciliation, the *need* of reconciliation, is vital. Every sinner must feel its importance, if he feel at all, or hope to be saved; and there is this consolation in regard to the doctrine, and the differing views of it, — that all agree in the ultimate design, the issue. Whether they begin with bringing the necessity and efficacy of the atonement to bear upon God, or, as we view it, upon man, both classes and all Christians believe that the great influence is to be upon the heart and life of the sinner. If not felt there, in producing a living faith, repentance, regeneration, and practical obedience, the purpose of Christ's death and mediation is not answered. Christ died in vain for those who do not live to him in holiness. This, indeed, Mr. Dutton aims most to show; and we thank him for the explicitness with which he states it, especially in the end of his sermon: "Let us remember that the object of Christ, in bearing our sins in his own body on the tree, was that 'we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.'" If all believe this, do not they believe in all that is essential there?

E. B. H.

## REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING LETTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE communication presented above will obtain a respectful consideration among all our readers, both for its candor, and for the esteem everywhere felt for its signature. It reached us too late in the month for a thorough examination in the present number; and we are not without hope that the author of the Sermon criticized may speak for himself through our pages. Meantime, we seize the opportunity to suggest rapidly a few thoughts on the subject, for which justice, and love of truth, seem to ask a patient hearing. In many respects, the present time offers encouragements to a revision of the old New-England controversy. It is not unreasonable to believe that there are minds of sufficient breadth, in both the parties, to understand that the whole truth does not probably reside with either one. Local intimacy, the course of events, providential appointments, a better appreciation of historical antecedents, and a happier interpretation, on both sides, of controversial language, have prepared a state of things where each system may look for fair dealing at least from its old antagonist. Certainly it is a poor comment on both of them, if it must be said that they are not able, by this time, to furnish persons who can conduct a public discussion of their differences without a heated temper and acrimonious aspersions.

I. The Unitarian mind needs to disabuse itself of the impression that the Orthodox view of the atonement separates the Father from the Son in the atoning work. Here is a natural ground of misapprehension. The preceding "Letter" seems to be slightly colored by it. The Unitarian is in the habit of drawing a sharp distinction between the nature of God and the nature of Christ; and, accordingly, when he hears it affirmed that Christ's death accomplished for man a salvation which could have been achieved in no other way, he objects that this takes the efficient cause of human salvation out of the hands of God, and puts it into the hands of another and an inferior being. The great office of redemption is then said to be exhibited as *originating* in another will than God's, while God merely accepts it. Of course, the

Divine Character is felt to be wronged. Instead of bestowing on the believer the gift of eternal life, and pardoning his sins, God is here supposed (says the Unitarian) to become merely a party to a plan, or scheme, devised and brought in by another, to meet an emergency in the divine administration. He accedes to a measure not embraced within the range of his own primal, consistent, and eternal way of saving the world. At this theory, — which is really nobody's theory, but only a misconstruction of a theory, — reverence necessarily revolts. But it is to be remembered that those who adopt the view of the atonement presented in the Sermon are encumbered with no such difficulty, because they recognize no *such* distinction between the Father and the Son. Were it possible for them to conceive of God separate from Christ, they would say, perhaps, that the redemption is as much the Father's as if there were no Son, only they cannot so conceive of him. The Father and the Son are completely and altogether at unity in the redemptive plan. It is no more peculiar to the one than to the other. Whatever popular representations of the doctrine an inadequate rhetoric may have been driven to adopt, it is not really held that the Son proposed, and the Father agreed, — that the Son made an overture which the Father accepted; but that both are one, in the design and the consummation. And they always have been one in this. Christ's mediatorial and reconciling office was an element in the everlasting providence and grace for mankind. It was not a contrivance sought out, or got up, for an emergency. It was, from the beginning, in the counsels and the foreseeing compassion of the self-existent Father, and of the only and eternally-begotten Son dwelling for ever in his bosom. Nor is this belief necessarily confined to any Trinitarian sect. It belongs to all who put this depth and width of meaning on the Saviour's words: "I and my Father are one." To deny, therefore, the indispensableness of Christ's atonement, on the ground that it transfers power or sufficiency away from God, is impertinent as an argument addressed to them that believe in that indispensableness. Orthodoxy has not fallen into so superficial a fallacy, and is not likely to be affected by a reiteration of this familiar criticism.

II. Much the same might be said of the often-repeated charge, — not brought forward, however, in this "Letter," — that Orthodoxy makes the Father to impersonate Vengeance or Retri-

butive Law, or even Justice, and the Son to impersonate Love. It is a valid refutation of that charge, that every careful and responsible Orthodox statement of the work of the atonement exhibits it as the highest and crowning proof of God's compassion. Through whatever form, framework, and interaction of persons, the great result is worked out, no Orthodoxy can be quite stupid enough to contradict such texts as that one which declares that "*God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish; for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved;*" and hundreds more, to the same purport, on the pages of the New Testament. If we were to begin quoting passages from Orthodox authorities, to show that they uniformly ascribe the merciful dispositions manifested in the redemption to the Father, we should not know where to stop. Is it quite worthy of the intelligence or the honesty of liberal Christians to continue to urge an absurd accusation, and one that is sure to rebound because of its absurdity? Why not bring the censure to the true point of fault, which is, simply (in regard to the matter now immediately before us), the point of an erroneous verbal representation? We do not believe, that, in the general Orthodox consciousness and heart, the accepted doctrine of the atonement puts a repulsive aspect upon the character of God, honors the Son by dishonoring the Father, or removes the Father to a frigid distance. We do not believe any competent representative of Orthodoxy will allow for a moment, or hear it alleged without pain, that his system permits any sort of real comparison of attributes, much less contrast, competition, or antagonism, between Persons in the God-head. Some of the most tender and beautiful instances we have ever known of filial and affectionate relations with the Father have been among those that were reared under the ordinary Orthodox instruction, and were firm in that faith. On the other hand, we as fully believe that Orthodox writers and preachers are a good deal in the habit of using phraseology on this subject as objectionable as it is unscriptural, — phraseology which their own cooler definitions would disclaim, — phraseology that is liable to be misunderstood by individuals, and to prove a scandal with them, and which transgresses all reasonable latitudes of dramatic illustration. We have heard such metaphors and tropes in this kind, from able and devout Orthodox theologians, in public discourse, as have shocked



our whole religious sense, and made us wish ourselves out of the house, and yet have received from the same tongues, in private conversation, doctrinal statements on the same points to which we could take no sort of exception. Nor was there the least intentional or conscious incongruity. The church is rent asunder and disordered by words. Each sect has a certain set of phrases, a traditional language, a style of representation, which amounts to a dialect by itself, and which often appears, to men of a different denomination and training, either disgusting, irreverent, extravagant, or perhaps profanely cold. Dialogue will sometimes cast it off. If we cannot get near enough to each other, and listen forbearingly enough to each other, to lay hold of actual meanings and interpretations, it appears to us we have been born in the wrong age, or, at any rate, need to be born again.

III. What has been most offensive to Unitarians, — as we have always supposed, — in the Calvinistic doctrine of the cross, is its vicarious element, — the idea of substituted *penalty*. The "Letter" implies, in a qualified form, that this notion is to be found in Mr. Dutton's Sermon. On the contrary, it is conspicuously absent from that Sermon. In any shape which would conflict with the divine equity, or with personal responsibility, or with the obligations of righteousness, such a notion, we venture to say, is emphatically rejected by the most enlightened and effective class of Orthodox thinkers in New England. They do not employ the word *vicarious*, nor accept the philosophy. One object we had in reprinting a discourse from one of the New-Haven school of divines was to display this fact. If any one supposes the old Calvinistic ground is held, on this subject, by the minds which best indicate the tendencies in the Orthodox Congregational body, it must be because he has failed to keep himself acquainted with the course of thought in that body for the last twenty-five years.

IV. But it is not to be denied that the view commonly called Orthodox, and presented by Mr. Dutton, differs from the proper Unitarian view; and a large part of our interest in it arises from this circumstance. Without undertaking Mr. Dutton's defence, we should be glad to bespeak for the system he represents a new and unprejudiced inquiry among liberal people. The idea may be briefly stated, we think, thus: Christ died for the world, because it was not consistent with the rectitude, the wisdom, and the mercy, of the divine government, that those who had broken its laws

should be treated as if they had not broken them, without such a suffering; while the divine method, including such suffering and such a Sufferer, opens a consistent way for the pardon and acceptance of the sinner, with no detriment to the sanctities of law, and no danger of loosening the foundations of a righteous judgment, and, at the same time, affords a signal and glorious manifestation of spiritual love. Now, *à priori*, what moral or logical objection lies against this statement? Is it not for God to determine for himself the way in which he will carry forward the administration of the universe, accomplish his beneficent ends, and reconcile to himself those that have slighted his promises, insulted his affection, and plunged away from him? If we, with our shortsightedness, our ignorance, our enfeebled faculties, and, in fact, *belonging to the guilty party*, should undertake to set up a better method of our own, is it not likely we should commit some blunder? Still, it is said, the method must seem to comport with our ideas of rectitude and reason, or else we cannot refer it to God. Is either rectitude or reason compromised, then, by this doctrine? Whom does it wrong? Not God, who originates it. Not Christ, who voluntarily and joyfully — out of his divine sympathy with man's misery, and longing for his deliverance, and prevision of the sublime issue — undertakes it. Not man himself, who, if he will comply with the simple conditions, accept what is offered him, and give his faith to the Redeemer, is thereby saved, notwithstanding his offences. Not the abstract principles of right and truth; for there is no commercial transfer of punishment, nor compulsion of the unwilling, nor forcing the innocent into the place of the guilty: but all is the moral working of a moral administration, according to the laws of a moral Governor and of moral impression on the governed; and the whole is supposed to be openly declared beforehand. What says reason? We confess we are at a loss to discover any rational process which runs against man's being pardoned and saved through Christ's sufferings which would not run against his being pardoned and saved on any condition whatever, so long as those sufferings are voluntary, represent to us the very highest possible instance of disinterested goodness, and release no single offender without the penitence, trust, holy effort, and entire spiritual state, which *any* plan of salvation must contemplate, superadding the most interesting and endearing relations to a personal divine Deliverer. And the logical value of a system which pro-

vides *some* sort of moral equivalent for the universal violation of a perfect law, in the balance of a complete government, seems to us quite as great as that of a system which leaves mediation out, and says, merely, "Obey my law in every thing; but then, if you do not, if you break it with all your might, and only repent afterwards, you shall be treated just as if you had done what I commanded." But if any one, without pretending to adduce strictures either of reason or equity, simply rejects the doctrine of the atonement because it does not happen to appear necessary to him, such an attitude would seem to imply nothing but vanity and impiety.

We understand the "Letter" as asking why one should believe the death of Christ necessary to the pardon of sin. It strikes us that one very obvious reason for believing so is that Christ has died. That sacrifice could hardly have been a work of supererogation. But we can go farther, — can we not? We can suppose the Almighty to have said thus: "Of my omniscience, I know that such is the constitution of man, such is the organization of things, and such would be the historical development of the human race, that to pardon the repenting sinner without a divine mediation, would, on the whole, and in the wide result, prove a lax rule of government. Unlawful advantage would be taken of that indulgence. Either sin would take encouragement, or despair would palsy effort. Lo! my beloved Son comes forth, by his own free suffering, — the just for the unjust, the sinless for the sinful, the divine with the human, — to confirm the holy demands of the law, and, at the same time, to hold out gentle and inviting terms of release. See in this how sacred and awful is the majesty of the commandment! how much is suffered for it! Accept, believe him in that character, and thou shalt be saved!" Is there any thing repulsive, irrational, opposed to the character of God, in this? We may not be able, by our poor definitions, to tell completely *how* this redemption acts to open the way; we may not know how to apply the benefit to those that have not known the Saviour's name, or that lived before he was manifested in the flesh. It would be strange if our thoughts or words could exhaust such a mystery. But may we not still feel assured, that, as an organic whole, the divine administration so embraces this element of mediation, that all ages and lands and accepted souls shall feel its influence, and share finally in its blessing? That

righteous heathen, not knowing Christ here, should yet be saved through him, is no more inexplicable, than that righteous heathen, not knowing God the Father, should be saved by *him*.

V. The "Letter" inquires earnestly what passages of Scripture countenance the doctrine that the sufferings of Christ are necessary to the forgiveness of sin. It is not for us to anticipate Mr. Dutton's reply. We presume, however, he would cite such texts as the following; bearing in mind that, in all fair questions of interpretation, he would be likely to take that view which goes most to sanction his own theology, as being most in harmony with what he would consider the main drift of the teachings of revelation: "Without the shedding of blood is no remission." "If *any man* sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also *for the sins of the whole world*" (rather a strong text). "Who needeth not daily to offer up sacrifice, as those high priests, first for his own sins, and then for the people's; for this he did once, when he offered up himself" (has not the whole magnificent argument in the Epistle to the Hebrews this scope, — proving Christ to be a Deliverer universal and eternal, himself both Priest and Sacrifice?). "God was in Christ, reconciling *the world* to himself." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the *sin of the world*!" "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of *the world*." "That as sin had reigned unto death, even so might grace reign unto righteousness by Jesus Christ our Lord." "There is *no other name* given under heaven *whereby we can* be saved." The great doctrine of the apostles was, "Christ *crucified*," Christ and *the cross*, Christ the Saviour of the race of men as an organic whole. "The bread that I will give (not yet given) is my flesh, which I *will give* for the life of the world." "He died for all, that they which live should not live unto themselves." "To this end, Christ both died and rose and revived, that he might be *Lord both of the dead and living*." "Jesus Christ, that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." "By his own blood he *obtained* eternal redemption for us." "Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." "Being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works." "The blood of the everlasting covenant." "Ye

were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin." Now, as one ponders the singular force and directness and agreement of these passages, and very many more of the same import, and marks their cumulative power as they resound through the New Testament, we submit that it will not be strange if he feels that on those who believe with the author of the "Letter" rests the burden of explaining how, according to the Bible, the death of Christ is *not* the divinely ordained and essential ground of human salvation, and that *something* possessing vitality, energy, and power, has been left out of the system which confines the efficacy of that death to the noble but incidental influence of a consistent martyrdom. There is some reason to think that passages like those we have quoted have become comparatively unfamiliar to Unitarian ears, by having been dropped out of Unitarian preaching, under a natural persuasion that they do not harmonize with the Unitarian theory.

The Sermon is objected to, as using language which implies that God died. We have no wish to defend any such language, on the score of taste or reverence or theological accuracy. We think it would be a gain if the Orthodox pulpit and press were to drop it. It has no clear scriptural sanction. Yet, even here, let us use some forbearance. Is any Unitarian wild enough to assert or imagine that any Calvinist blasphemously supposes the eternal and self-existent Almighty One to be dead? What then? Why, we must patiently sit down, and try to find out exactly what the language does mean, and, after this kind appreciation, seek, if we will, to dissuade its authors from repeating it, for the reason that other language, better and less offensively, expresses that meaning. We suppose the idea to be this: Christ, whose nature is God's nature, took upon himself a human body and a human experience, and, in that body, passed through the suffering and dissolution which we call death, fulfilling thereby his great work of redeeming man, and re-entered into his everlasting and heavenly glory, lifting the dying world with him, leading captivity captive, and, by his infinite condescension, bringing many sons unto glory. The central thought is, that the recovery of sinning man was wrought out, as it must be, by the voluntary suffering of the divine nature in man's behalf. There is an unutterable strength in the tenderness of the entreaty pronounced by such suffering. It moves the

soul as nothing else in the universe can move it. This conviction has become so full and so dear to many minds of Unitarian education, that we have repeatedly heard of late, from some of their best preachers, such statements as that the redemption of the sinner was "*costly* to the mind of God." There is a transcendent philosophy, an adorable adaptation of boundless love and wisdom to human wants, in that mystery. The writer of the "Letter" will not question that the Scripture says, "God was *in* Christ," nor that Emmanuel, his name, signifies "God with us;" and yet Christ did die. In all reasonableness, we must acquit the Sermon — as indeed the "Letter" is inclined to — of intending literally to teach that death or destruction took effect upon the Divine Being. It is to be hoped, too, that the resources of liberal logic will be able to spare the smart little epigram which has figured so bravely in Unitarian polemics, to the effect that Orthodoxy makes Jehovah to have perished to appease his own anger, inasmuch as it purchases a complacent conceit at the expense of a double falsehood. As an ironical satire on an infelicitous style of Orthodox rhetoric, it is more justifiable.

How far the governmental aspect of the atonement presented in the Sermon can be made efficient for producing repentance and holiness, through the public discourse of the pulpit, depends much, we presume, on personal gifts, affinities, habits of speech, education, and the traditional impressions of congregations. Wherever it is so set forward as to intensify man's abhorrence of guilt, and heighten the sanctity of God's law, its effect is not only practical, but, as it seems to us, edifying to the last degree. Why any one should be startled or disturbed at its being held as the firm and vindictory background of justice in the representation of God's boundless love, is something we cannot understand. Our own belief is, that the chief regenerating results of the preaching of the cross will always be realized most perfectly where — theories apart — the death of Christ is most simply and affectingly held forth as the one supreme and matchless exhibition of the love of God, — his pity, his long-suffering, his desire for man's salvation. When the doctrine has been properly guarded against abuse, by showing its harmony with the immutable laws and equities of the divine character, its manward action must always be of principal, immediate interest to the soul needing redemption. To move, to melt, to change, to save, the hard and selfish heart,

Christ died; and without that death is no remission. That the eternal Mind should have foreseen, from the beginning, that, by this system of Messianic redemption, powers, affections, spiritual agencies, would be laid hold of, and brought into glorious exercise, through all time, which otherwise could not be reached, seems to us not only possible, but singularly according to our own experience and the inspired word. Why should we not bow with silent and joyful gratitude before the plan, instead of cavilling and doubting? We know not how others may be struck with the testimonies of history; but for ourselves, as we turn back on the line of holy witnesses since the first age, as we take up biography after biography, study life after life, follow saint after saint to his victory and his rest, and thus grow intimate with the great fellowship of wise, strong, unyielding, and mightily gifted thinkers and believers of the church, and listen to the almost undivided voice of confession and faith coming up from the innumerable company, declaring Christ Jesus and him crucified the ground of their hopes, and his sufferings the great pledge of pardon, — with only here and there a different doctrine, falling in cooler accents from some exceptional tongue, — we readily own that we must reconsider whether there is not some element of blessed power here that Unitarianism has overlooked or thrown away. We are not surprised to hear from many brethren hearty utterances of the same conviction. We were not astonished, but glad, to meet the other day, in the leading article of a periodical which, more than any other, is the organ of Unitarianism, such sentences as these: —

“Indeed, the suffering of this sinless One, this beloved Son of God, was the special instrument of a reconciling power. Teaching would be ineffectual without the crucifixion. The splendid series of miracles would pass over the darkened and hardened soul of the world with an ineffectual impression of wonder, confirming existing superstitions, without the agony of a divine Sufferer to open that soul to the sense of the Father whose power was in them. The mere proclamation of forgiveness would fall powerless upon the seared conscience, and would only be an obstacle to true repentance, and lower the law of Heaven in the estimation of men, without a spotless One against whom the venom of sin might spend itself, and thus show its true character. A Being in some sense divine, suffering at the hands of cruel men, and to break the power of the spirit of blindness and disobe-



dience, would honor the law of Heaven by showing at what cost the God of heaven was willing to raise it to its proper place in human regard. It would thus generate that true repentance which God can at once forgive; it would beget that faith towards Christ which God can accept as righteousness, because it is the very spirit of God's own righteousness generated in human nature by Christ's manifestation of the divine character.

"Christ, then, is the price of our redemption; Christ crucified is the cost of man's knowledge of spiritual truth. It was the price paid for our present state of spiritual light."

In our next number, we hope to reprint some lucid and comprehensive passages, on the subject of the necessity of the atonement, from those admirable works, by one author, deserving a careful reading throughout, — the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," and "God revealed in Creation and in Christ."

Now, we are fully mindful that none of our statements on this great subject may be adequate, or even correct; nay, we remember that the truth itself may not be seen by any of us as it will yet be seen by eyes of purer vision, or as it really is. We reserve the right of modifying our statements as further studies and new convictions shall require. Be dogmatism far away from a theme so holy and so affecting as this! Unless we entirely misapprehend the expressions and tendencies of Unitarian belief, there is a growing demand in that quarter for views of the work of Christ which reach beyond the old standards, which promise a profounder peace to the heart, and which, while they magnify the cross, attach a more valid and sufficing efficacy to the whole mediatorial humiliation and spiritual sacrifice of the Son of God. How this demand is to be satisfied is not, perhaps, altogether clear. That it is to be by going to the New Testament with a simple and childlike confidence, and not to ecclesiastical creeds, we are very sure. After all, it is in our purest and highest devotional moods that the language of the cross becomes most natural and unquestionable to us; and that which we stumble at in cool debate, we take up with eager and delighted acceptance in prayers and hymns. Should it prove that a ground can ultimately be found where such minds as we have referred to, and minds of Orthodox training, can stand together, we shall not mourn nor be frightened, but rejoice and take courage, thanking God. It is to be hoped that no portion of the Unitarian denomination will draw itself up into an attitude

of impatience or protest at these inquiries; partly because such a course would be unworthy of the antecedents and pretensions of a liberal body, and partly because it would be feeble and ineffectual in its results. We live too late to be told again the imbecile lie that truth can be protected by restricting earnest and right-hearted thought on any side; and the liberality which is liberal only to the side of laxity, but bigoted towards the ancient forms of faith, is a kind we do not covet. If there are any of our readers who are displeased the moment the infallibility of Channing, or of a sect, is called in question, we must wish them well, and pass on. Whenever the instructors of the Unitarian churches refuse to admit that there can be any other view of the reconciliation than that which makes it consist in the exemplary and incidental value of a consistent termination of a blameless and miraculous career in a human Christ, many of those they have been called to teach will turn elsewhere for spiritual nourishment, as some are already doing. Indeed, in proportion as the heart is impressed more and more deeply with the two great facts which create the necessity of mediation and redemption, — viz., the immaculate holiness and sovereignty of God, or the irreconcilable hostility of the divine nature to sin, and the intense hatefulness and hideousness and heinousness of human disobedience and self-will, — just in that proportion will the above-mentioned doctrine of reconciliation prove as incompetent as it is unevangelical.

But it has been no part of our purpose in this paper to criticize the Unitarian position. We began merely with the intention to open the way for a reply to the "Letter," by showing how the subject lies before some minds; but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth has spoken much. To those who have intimated that the Unitarians will be alienated by strictures on their faults, or driven into depriving themselves of a real good because one ventures to question their perfection, we have almost nothing to say. Such poor defenders slander the cause they undertake to espouse, more bitterly than all its enemies. There are, undoubtedly, some hearers who reward a prophet according to the smooth things he prophesies, ordain ministers expecting them to be flatterers of their prejudices, and applaud the speech that roundly assails all persons out of doors who cannot hear, either for profit or anger. But there are more valiant souls abroad, caring more

to be right than to be approved. Names and articles are losing their former sway. The church is to be fashioned anew by the Spirit of the Holy One. To make our pages humbly subservient to the will of that Spirit is our highest aim for them; and, to that end, we propose to keep them independently open for reverential and earnest discussions, recognizing the exclusive claims of no sect, and standing under obligations for no patronage.

### THE IMPASSABLE GULF.

A SERMON BY REV. J. J. PUTNAM.

LUKE xvi. 26: "Besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you, cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence."

THE parable of the rich man and Lazarus has been variously explained. Some have supposed that Jesus employed it to represent the first offer of the gospel to the Jews, and, after their rejection of the gracious message, its acceptance by the Gentile nations. Others have held that he meant to administer a rebuke to the Pharisees, whom he was then addressing, for their covetousness, and to impress it upon their minds that the advantage of a state of opulence over a condition of poverty, in this world, is no sure index to the relative situations of such as have entered, or soon will enter, upon the realities of a future life. Others still, with less warrant, have taken the narration in a strictly literal sense, under the plea that our Lord gave no intimation, as in other cases he did, that he was about to utter a parable. Much the greatest weight of opinion favors the interpretation which makes Jesus declare, that, in the next world, the condition of mankind may be so reversed from what it is here that the richest may become poorest, and such as have fared hardly on earth may share the highest honors and joys in heaven.

*Separation!* — this is the main idea conveyed by the text. What enters into the life of the good will not commingle with what enters into the life of the bad. There is a wide, deep chasm — invisible, it may be, to the eye of sense, but real nevertheless — between those who love and obey God, and those who do not. There is a feeling of companionship among the disci-

ples of Jesus, unknown to all whom his affection and sacrifice have not attracted to his cross. Fellowship there can be none among individuals and classes whose characters in scarcely any points correspond. Harmony is essential to unity. In this world, righteousness and wickedness are as wide apart as the poles; and, in the next, they will form no alliance: neither can show any affinity for the other.

With the advocates of the sterner theology of our times, it is a favorite employment to represent the division which will take place hereafter between saints and sinners, — the one having the promise of inhabiting the New Jerusalem, and the other the prospect of being thrust into the dark prison-house below. Their vivid imaginations picture a paradise in the regions above, and a dismal abode in the depths, as wide apart as the universe is broad. Above, they sing anthems; below, they howl in despair. There is no communication between the world of light and the world of woe.

Now, while the fixing of these localities, and the fitting up of the home of the blessed with material adornments, and the dungeon of the condemned with every thing that can awaken horror, would not be a pleasing or profitable task for many minds, there is an idea embodied in these coarse representations of heaven and hell which is by no means visionary. It is the idea of separation between the good and the bad; it is the idea that there is no congeniality of spirit between the earthly and the heavenly minded; and that, as they are unsuited for each other's society, it is decreed they shall dwell apart. The Scriptures keep two distinct classes before us, and apportion to each of them a distinct lot: "*Come, ye blessed!*" "*Depart, ye cursed!*" These words seal the destiny of mankind, accordingly as they are worthy or unworthy. No reader of the Bible but should understand that it describes opposite characters and states, and traces to dissimilar results courses of conduct which are entered upon and pursued with different aims. The wicked, i. e., those who persistently and remorselessly tread the paths of wickedness, and the good, i. e., those who have repented of their sins, received pardon, and entered upon a new life, are not regarded alike by the omnipotent Judge, neither are their lots the same; and though a common nature is inherited by each of these classes, and though no antagonisms may appear between them which will lead to violence, in

the spirit and temper of their minds, in their purposes and habits, in whatever makes and marks character, they have nothing in common: they are divided by an impassable gulf.

The separation of the righteous from the wicked is made, by the prevalent theology, a special decree and formal act of the Infinite Being; and the future judgment-day of the world is the time fixed for the division to take place. These positions are open to objection. It is by the action of a law as old as creation, and not by one final sentence passed upon human beings, that they are sundered from each other. And that law is in force now as much as it will be at any subsequent time; raising up those who have any aspirations after goodness, and whose hearts glow with the warmth of a pure affection, while it sinks into degradation and woe those whose existence is more animal than spiritual, who are more devoted to self than to principle, to the world than to God. The Divine Being neither passes immediate and formal sentence upon man's individual acts, nor suffers him to go "unwhipt of justice" until he has run his earthly race, then to enter into a full reckoning with him. On the contrary, we are, so to speak, environed and begirt through our whole existence by a self-acting law; and the thoughts and feelings which we daily cherish, by the action of that law, determine our condition. The high-minded, the pure-hearted, the self-sacrificing, are hourly lifted up above the grossness of earth and sense; while those who are corrupt and sensual are hourly falling into the pit of infamy. You can read even now the sentence which the infinite Judge is passing upon the good and the evil; you can see the separation of the loving, obedient children of the Highest from those who are prodigals indeed. The coarse, the brutal, the vulgar, seek out a society of their own, and are at home among those who revel in the same wickedness into which they have been led by ungoverned passions. Those who most deserve to be called saints — those whose deepest and strongest yearning is for more of the life of God in their souls — form a separate companionship; and each in every other finds a congenial spirit, a heart beating in response to his own, a disciple of Jesus, a fellow-pilgrim bound for the heavenly city.

But it may be said that the so-called saintly and irreligious meet indiscriminately here; that they dwell under the same roof, eat at the same board, take part in the same business transactions, and even visit together the consecrated places of worship.

It may be further said, that no impassable gulf separates them, that they have many pursuits and pleasures in common, and that their intercourse is entirely unrestrained. Not so will it be after the closing-up of their accounts.

In reply, it may be said, that the same house may shelter, the same fire warm, the same secular occupations engage, those whose characters present few points of resemblance, and whose interior life is as different as can be imagined. There may be a proximity of person without congeniality of spirit. The mental and spiritual spheres in which individuals move may be various, though the affairs of business or the ties of relationship may often draw them together. This outward existence, and the routine of labor through which men go to get a livelihood, present no very marked contrasts. There is a sameness which strikes the eye of every observer. But, if the intellectual states of one and another and another be examined, it will be ascertained that a wide gulf divides those whose minds have been subjected to the most rigid discipline, thereby acquiring a power which enables them to grasp sublime ideas and solve difficult problems, and those whose mental machinery has never been put in quick and regular motion, either because of indolence or constitutional infirmity. No matter how closely together you bring a man who has the mind of a Bacon, and a benighted Hottentot, intellectually they have nothing in common. Likewise if you seat in the same room an enthusiastic, accomplished artist, and one who has no taste for the beautiful, but whose thoughts and plans are all cast in the mould of avarice, they will indeed inhale the same air, they may look upon the same objects, they may even force a conversation; but no tie of sympathy will make them one. Equally noticeable is the fact, that no cordial fellowship unites those who live for this world, and the passing pleasures of the day, with such as have nobly consecrated themselves to the service to which they are called by the voice of duty, and whose wise forecast makes them solicitous to lay up a secure foundation against the time to come. Select the person who, of all your acquaintance, is the ripest for heaven, whose integrity no one doubts, whose zeal for righteousness is earnest and well-tempered, whose works show that in his heart is a fountain of kindness, whose piety is sincere and fervent, adorning his character as nothing else could. Select also the wickedest person you know, — the scoffer, the blasphemer, him who defiantly

tramples upon God's laws, who will not listen to the entreaties of the Saviour, who has no respect for superior excellence; in a word, who is most of a reprobate of any human being you ever chanced to meet. Let circumstances bring these two individuals together. Physically, they may differ no more than might two persons of like character; intellectually, they may share about the same natural gifts, and have made nearly equal acquisitions. As to material possessions, they may stand on a level. In some other respects, they may be alike. Yet need it be said that no 'gulf' is wider than that which separates the man of God from the child of the Wicked One? They live not in the same world: their sympathies blend no more than if one were an inhabitant of Uranus, and the other of the Earth. There is no spiritual affinity between them. Whatever correspondences may be traced in their external states, in their interior being there are none. They can shake hands, but not unite hearts. What the word *fellowship* expresses they cannot enjoy. One will commune with saints; the other will make society of foul demons. An invisible attraction will raise one into a region where all is love and blessedness; and a like force will draw the other down to his own place, where all is cursing and suffering.

Mankind are not only separated thus by diversities of spirit and character, but the same cause renders them aliens and outcasts from God. "*Draw nigh unto me, and I will draw nigh unto you,*" saith the ever-living One. When we make an ascent towards Heaven, Heaven will come down to meet us, but never before. As our divine Parent is infinitely holy, so must we be holy in order to see and enjoy him. When the sinner is spoken of as banished from God's presence, it is not meant that any change has taken place in his local situation; but that he has withdrawn himself from the Fountain of being and perfection, in order to revel in his own lusts, and try the experiment of extracting unalloyed pleasure from forbidden indulgences and pursuits. He makes the void between himself and the Most High by withholding the affection with which it should be filled. And when we say of a devout spirit, of one whose piety shines in all his words and acts, that he dwells with God, that he is near the Source of unclouded light and infinite joy, we intend to assert that there is a law of spiritual attraction which secures him his favored place. In either case, it is in vain to dispute the fact. If one chooses to



be good, and does not fail, immediately he has intercourse with Him in whom is all goodness. If one arrays himself in an attitude hostile to the Supreme Being, and surrenders himself up to the control of the spirits of darkness, then, though he be encompassed by that Presence which fills the universe, he is outcast and condemned, and can have no living union with the Infinite until his soul has gone out towards him in penitence and prayer.

In the farewell discourse of Jesus to his disciples, after declaring that they were clean through the word he had spoken to them, he said, "*Abide in me, and I in you.*" There is a vital connection between a disciple of Jesus and his Master. They are *one*, even as Christ and the Father are one. Their affections and sympathies are alike, and form a bond of union which cannot be severed. But the gospel of our Lord is preached to how many millions who spurn its offers of grace! Jesus is held up as man's Teacher and Example before how many who honor him in neither capacity! Such do not abide in him. They stand apart from the all-sufficient Saviour, ready to perish. Their prejudice and unbelief, and fixed habits of evil, make the gulf of separation between them and the Redeemer.

The communion of saints! It is a beautiful thought, that the saints who remain on earth, and those who have gone to their rest; the saints who lived in the remote past, and those who now cause the light of a pure example to shine upon the darkness of this world; the saints of every tribe and nation, — it is a beautiful thought, that one spirit unites them in loving brotherhood, and that common sympathies render their communion free and perfect. No feeling of solitariness should come over a Christian disciple; for, though he seem to be alone, there are innumerable souls that are bound to his by a tie which only a betrayal of the Master can break. All those who wrought their work and finished their course in other days, and whose names have come down to us fragrant with the odor of sanctity; all those, far and near, who have made a religious offering of themselves to God, and are chiefly intent on doing his high will, — hold sweet communion, heart with heart. They form the society of the redeemed, which is confined to no localities, and restricted to no classes, but everywhere enjoyed by the good and pure.

Many there are, it is almost superfluous to say, whose feelings do not blend with those of saints; consequently, the blessed commu-

nion of which I have spoken is not theirs. They have chosen other companionship. Lovers of pleasure, lovers of self, lovers of the world, — with such they more naturally mingle. From devout worshippers of the Supreme Being, from co-laborers with Christ in regenerating fallen humanity, from those whose names are written in the book of life, they are separated by a gulf which nothing will bridge over, and enable them to cross, but renewal and sanctification.

Does the sinner now, or will he ever, complain that there is no heaven for him, — that divine partiality has excluded him from the abode of the blessed? Then let the gates of paradise be flung wide open; let him select his seat among the myriads whose employment is the praise of Jehovah; let the lyre with which celestial music is made be put in his hands, tuned to perfect harmony, — and what will all these privileges avail to render him happy? *He is not in his place.* Elsewhere, he would feel more at home. He is invited to employments to which he is unaccustomed. He is withdrawn from scenes in which he has sought pleasure in other days. All is unfamiliar and strange around him. He sighs for other companionship than that of angels. Until his moral and religious nature is thoroughly renovated; until he has cultivated new tastes, and yielded himself to the guidance of a better spirit, — the society of the redeemed will afford him no satisfaction. So the blame rests upon himself that heaven is no heaven to him. The holier the place and the company where his dwelling is fixed, the less contented will he be. God has no favorites, whom he makes happy around his throne; for those who are cast into outer darkness fix their own mournful condition.

Pity a gulf should divide one portion of mankind from another! Unfortunate, that beings of a kindred nature, and whose interests all lie in the same direction, should grow as unlike each other in their characteristics of mind and spirit as if they were distinct creations of Almighty Power, and not designed to achieve a similar destiny! But how things are, we can see; and how they will continue, by the aid of reason and Scripture, we can prophecy. Leaving God's laws, whose action no human might can change or interrupt, to work their predetermined ends, the imperative duty devolves on us to adhere to every moral principle, to rise daily to higher Christian excellence, to work and pray as if every moment and

every act were immensely important to us; in a word, to become one, in desire and aim and effort, with the Father's Beloved. Thus doing, we shall find ourselves arrayed on that side of the impassable gulf where are green pastures and never-failing waters, — where all is sunshine and beauty and gladness, — where the hosts of God's elect go forth, clothed in righteousness, with palms in their hands and crowns on their heads, shouting the praises of redeeming love.

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HYMN WRITTEN AFTER A STORM IN THE BAY OF BENGAL.

O God, who dwellest in the surging sea!  
 Thy glorious beauty fadeth never there:  
 From ocean depths, where grows the coral-tree,  
 Up to its dancing peaks, that kiss the air, —  
 In all, through all, thy mystic love is blent,  
 Clothes its dark plains, and stars its firmament.

Oh! it is life, 'tis power, 'tis ecstasy,  
 To sit, dread Father! face to face with thee;  
 To hear thee whisper thus in ocean's roar;  
 To watch thy finger turn its billows o'er;  
 To mark thy hand, what time the tempest lowers,  
 Crown all its leaping heights with almond-flowers.

How shall I bless thee, that the lonely sea  
 For ever hides its loneliness from me,  
 Lives to my thought and sense, gives to my eye  
 God walking 'mid a floral pageantry,  
 God bidding snow-capped mountains leap like rams,  
 And toying with these little hills like lambs?

Help me, thou awful Maker of the sea!  
 While thus thy ever-flowing life imparts  
 To me these glimpses of divinity,  
 And visits only mine of many hearts;  
 Help me the lonely and the sad to cheer  
 With, "Be not fearful; God, our God, is here!"

C. H. A. D.

## CHRIST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

It is worthy of observation, that not a few of the prominent scenes in the life of our Saviour transpired on some mountain. On the threshold of his mighty work, when temptation would lay before him its alluring gifts, "the Devil," so runs the narrative, "taketh him up into a high mountain." That compendium of all duty to God and to man, left us by the Redeemer, is named from the spot where it fell from his hallowed lips, — the "Sermon on the Mount." Weary with the toils of the parched and dusty day, at night he goes up into a mountain to pray. When he is about to unfold the sublime harmony between his own religion and that of elder and God-inspired prophets, by passing to that end through a personal and divine transfiguration, he taketh chosen witnesses, and leadeth them up into a high mountain. That costly sacrifice, by which the earth drank his pure and redeeming blood, was consummated on Mount Calvary; and when the sacred drama draws to its close, he having burst the bands of death, a cloud receives him out of mortal view on the consecrated heights of Olivet.

Nor did this dedication of the loftiest of God's earth-works date with the birth of Christianity. We find the elder Scriptures replete with similar incidents.

It was on the Heaven-lighted bush of Horeb that God spake unto Moses; and from the bleak and craggy summit of Sinai was promulgated that primal code written on the mountain-stone. Abraham, when called to offer up his son, ascends the brow of Moriah. It was amid the excellency of Carmel that Elijah communed with Jehovah, and, surrounded by the frantic idolaters of Baal, wrought that miracle which showed the transcendent power of the only true and living God. Here, too, Elisha met and gave joy to the bereft Shunamite mother. On the splendid crown of Zion it was that once stood that holy temple, beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth.

But why should I repeat the story of Ebal, Gerizim, Nebo, Gilead, Pisgah, Gilboa, Lebanon, and how many other similar heights, illustrious in sacred writ? — monuments, through all ages, of a God-granted presence, of a holy worship, of memorable deeds, of honored lives, and saintly deaths. Every page of the inspired volume is redolent with their life-giving atmosphere.

And, now, why is this so frequent recurrence in the Bible of allusions and references to these elevated portions of the earth? It cannot be a mere accident. It is not a chance occurrence that the great events of sacred import transpired so comparatively seldom in the valleys or on the plains of Palestine.

No: the mountains have been thus honored because, in the first place, they naturally lift our minds upward. As we muse on that almighty fiat which brought this globe into being, our thoughts rise from point to point, until we can with clear vision see, as we stand on the mountain-top, —

“That here, from finished Earth, triumphant trod  
The last ascending steps of her creating God.”

In all ages, profane no less than sacred, the hills have seemed to man the special abode of the Divinity. Here the creature meets his Creator eye to eye; and the reverent spirit may well say, “This is holy ground!”

Mountains exhibit tokens of the majesty and the power of God. It is he, that, with volcanic force, lifts them from the great level, or overturneth them by the roots. In the sublime strains of an ancient prophet, “God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran: the mountains saw him, and trembled;” yea, the everlasting mountains were scattered, and the perpetual hills did bow. Through what convulsions must these mighty masses have passed! Age upon age, cycle upon cycle, has the stupendous work gone on. Once, the deep ocean rolled its vast waters over these now lofty summits; —

“Their sinuous, wavelike forms were cast  
From a subsiding sea.”

Their congregated wonders — “gorge, glen, cavern, crevice, veiled in shadow, or hidden in deeper darkness; shivered crag, rocky acclivity, wooded brow, and bold summit” — each testify to the primitive throes of nature that produced them. How they stand up, in their God-important dignity and strength, “the pillars of heaven”! Look down those unfathomed ravines; and enter, if you can, into the treasures of their snow, which knows no melting. Go up, even in our sunniest days, and God is there, scattering how often the hoarfrost like ashes, casting forth his icelike morsels! And who on those bleak and awful heights can stand before his cold? How impressive is this silence! No

beast of the forest is here; no bird even, save, ever and anon, the adventurous swallow. Mark the mighty sweep of the clouds: now they rise, with an angel's ease, and now they descend, swift, feathery chariots; and over and around, below and above, with a Master's course, their shapes and shadows play and roll and heave from morn to noon, and on to twilight's sober hour.

Mountains demonstrate, also, the goodness of God. On their commencing declivities the husbandman often tills the rich soil, and enamels the acres with waving fields of herb and grain, and the bearing fruit-tree. As his flocks and herds cross the tender grass, he may well feel that God doth care for oxen, and that not only every beast of the forest, but the cattle also upon a thousand hills, are *His*. There the child gathers rich berries; and there the angler finds the coy-fish; and there, too, the woodman fells the oak and pine, wherewith to build his habitation, and ward off stern winter; and there toils the swart lumberman, and hence comes the mighty *mast*, pointing, as it braves all seas, up to the great God who caused it once to germinate and grow. And He who went before Israel, and clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave drink as out of the great depths, still vindicates his loving power by smiting the mountains, and causing streams to flow from their bosoms; the little headspring gathering, as its overflowings trickle down, ever new tributes, until it becomes the mighty river, bearing its waters to a thousand murmuring mill-wheels, and pouring its exhaustless treasures into the fathomless, boundless *deep*.

Look at these fair creations, and you may learn, too, a lesson of the *beauty of God*. Not for a dry utility alone was the mountain reared, but to regale the ear by its water and wind music, and charm the eye by multitudinous methods. Mark the interminable variety of the size, structure, proportions, and forms of mountains and hills: now you will see the perfect cone, base, altitude, apex, — all entire; and now it is obtuse, or perhaps truncated with a mechanic's nicety. Here is the pyramid, there the almost level summit; and there again a long, wavy, undulating outline, or many needle-like peaks. He who deigns to give the useful potato a fair blossom does not despise the garnishing of every point and part of these grand productions. He clothes them every day in a new dress. If crowned at sunrise, as before, with costliest diamonds, there is to-day some fresh gem within the coronet, or the old jewels are adjusted with a slight and ever-

adorning variation. Yesterday the *robe* was of *wool*, as if in compassion for their cold nakedness; to-day it is of purest linen, cool to the very eye. Merchant, milliner, man, and maiden would all vie in vain with these oriental clouds to array the waiting bride of day. Stand on that peak, as the dawn breaks, and the reddening hours steal on and over it. Mist and fog roll at your feet, a vast ocean enveloping each terrestrial thing. As the sun comes forth, islands seem to rise, in each hill and summit, from the bosom of the deep. The tall tree towers up, a grand reality, a fixed fact. Step by step whole forests are created; low, and still lower, descend the humble clouds; or high, and yet higher it may be, they rise, until they vanish into nought, and a golden flood sweeps triumphantly over the unbounded expanse.

Look abroad: field beyond field, stream, lake, farm, village, — all is light and life. Descend from this eminence. From the craggy rock you pass down to the rare-appearing moss, the thin grass, the stunted shrub, the incipient tree, the dense and tall forest, the open glade, the cultured acres; and how could Almighty Wisdom have surpassed the beauty of this clustered whole? Tree, rock, stream, flower, fruit, — embellish them if you can; invent some fairer hue; add a new tint to that ever-varying, ever-rich panorama. The blue distance; the green present; changing seasons; the verdure of June; the myriad-tinted autumn; the spotless, celestial purity of *winter*, — who but must yield to their transcendent claims? Well may Tabor and Hermon rejoice in the name of Him who arrayed them in such supernal charms; and well may every mountain and every little hill emulate the glad and thankful strain.

But shall *man*, the spectator of all this, gaze upon it as an idle pageant, and live and die like the brute that roams its forests, unconscious of its glory or presence? Nay, we cannot contemplate these mighty elevations steadily and thoughtfully without being mindful of Him who reared them in the beginning. Look thus at some grand circuit-range, and you must feel, that, as the mountains are round about the spot where you stand, so is the Lord who created them round about his children for ever. Not more freely does each lofty summit lay bare its bosom to God than you will open yours. Draw nigh to him; and, as the rich, spirit-like clouds rolling up those steeps reflect the gilding of the gracious sun, so will He shine on your heart. Not more surely does



the mountain attract those charged messengers, and receive from them the frequent and copious shower, than you will draw down streams of grace through a mediating Redeemer. To ascend one of those majestic heights in a spiritual frame of mind is, indeed, to go up to the courts of the Most High. The atmosphere is rarefied, *morally* as well as physically speaking, by his presence; and you feel "it is good to be there."

And if of devotion, so of many *practical* virtues, the mountain is a God-commissioned teacher. Here may you acquire a larger brotherly love. How genial and benignant are these grand elevations! In a clear, calm day, like many of the late marvellous August, they look on all below them with a deep and serene affection; they inspire each green valley and broad plain with the same generous temper. Thankfully do they receive from them the glad waters they so liberally pour down. Yes, what a sermon of beneficence these mountain-waters are every day preaching!

Look at the tiny springs as they give forth each its little stream, to blend in the great final river. The heavens have sent down, in the past night, their pure gifts of dew; and behold in this how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Verily, it is as the dew of Hermon, and as the dews that descended upon the mountains of Zion. So grows the modest brook; and kindly it sings, all the day long, to the bending and listening trees. Are you disposed to judge your neighbor harshly? Mark the benevolent sun, — how it holds the great clouds over each seam and crag and unsightly thing on the mountain-side, covering its faults with the divine mantle of Charity.

Nowhere is firmness of principle better enforced than by the "everlasting hills." There have they stood, battling with the storms of centuries, and bearing honorable scars. Their high rocks are "silvered o'er with age." The "Old Man of the Mountain" has looked every tempest in the eye, nor feared nor blanched. If the tree was baffled in its attempts to stretch itself upward, it has grown what it could; and the zone of shrubs and dwarfs teaches us never to yield to temptations and obstacles. And each bare and broken tree, like some commemorative obelisk, admonishes us, having done all in the Christian warfare, to stand. Each barrier and precipice bid us oppose a bold front to error and

sin; and every promontory that buttresses the great mountain, castellated and impregnable, watching the generations as they pass, and the empires that waste away, adjures us to be steadfast in the right, and immovably united to God and to Christ.

Look up hither, and learn to prize your Christian privileges. As these mountain-peaks catch the first ray of the morning's sun, so are you living in the very height of spiritual opportunities, receiving the day-dawn of that Saviour who is the light of the world. On this table-land of church ministrations and sabbath schools, where law and liberty shield your consciences and your homes, let not the emblem be lost upon you. Exalted above the valleys of heathenism, permitted to drink the first and the last rays of the Sun of Righteousness, how can you neglect so great a salvation? Not more varied are the mountain hues than our means of grace. The dew and the shower are ours; and we dwell where those very lightnings are created which cleanse and clarify earth's spiritual atmosphere. How exemplary should be our lives! how holy our conversation!

In trial, disappointment, and grief, let us lift up our eyes on to the hills; for truly from them our help cometh. The cloud-cap of the morning at noon may pass away; and though it tarry long, yet, as in the natural so in the spiritual world, thick clouds may prevent our losing that inner warmth so essential to the health of the spirit. If trials multiply, forget not, that, after long rains, the air becomes all the more vitalized and pure. Watch, and God will present some new and more cheering phase of himself in your ever-changing, cloudlike experience. Though your heart should be seared by the avalanches of bereavement and sorrow, yet the slide-mark may be overgrown by the green trees of brighter days; or, if it abide in your bosom, it will notify you of a present God. And even "the notch," that is forced open by the convulsion of awful calamities, often only prepares a way through which future messengers of mercy may pass, or the river of our troubles find its needful outlet.

The high mountain speaks, finally, to us of a future and endless existence. Rooted and abiding as the perpetual hills is this treasure within us. Darkness may sometimes gather on the coming world, even as the blue mist of the far-off mountain deepens into blackness; but, if Christ be formed within, we have the hope of a glory before which the brightest hours of these

material elevations fade to obscurity. In the valley, our prospect is narrow, and there is no plain whose horizon is not comparatively near; but —

“In the mountains one may feel his faith;  
There may he see the writing. All things there  
Breathe immortality, revolving life;  
There littleness is not; the least things seem infinite.”

There we realize how moral and spiritual elevation eclipses all others. There, with Christ by our side, we are adoringly lost in that majestic, mysterious Presence who was before the mountains were brought forth, who built all earth for his sanctuary, who himself is from everlasting to everlasting, and to whom we may confidently look, when our mortal career shall terminate, to open for us a new home in loftier regions, enduring as his existence, and effulgent as his glory.

A. B. M.

#### HYMN FOR THE FUNERAL OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

WHILE yet our brother walked on earth,  
Jesus sustained his failing strength,  
With daily manna fed his soul,  
And bade him hope for heaven at length.

That glorious hope is now fulfilled  
In the bright world of joy above,  
Where doubt has fled, and sin's forgiven, —  
The heaven of God's unclouded love.

O Thou who, through thy blessed Son,  
Dost save the soul that trusts in thee!  
Give unto us, as to thy saints,  
O'er sin and death the victory.

To God, who gives eternal life;  
To Christ, through whom that life is given, —  
Be everlasting honors paid  
By all the saints in earth and heaven.

T. H.

## RICH AND POOR.

THE rich old man sat alone in his palace. He had built that splendid edifice for himself; and it combined the most perfect architectural symmetry with unrivalled beauty: even the most fastidious could see nothing to condemn in its design or finish; and, withal, an air of comfort seemed united with one of elegance. But we said he sat alone; and his countenance wore no joyous smile. Poor old man! the world called him *rich*; but it was only those who knew not the awful depths of penury, where the soul is bankrupt. He was musing, not drowsily inclined; for a heavy weight preyed upon his spirits, — a vexatious lawsuit severely tried him. He had paid a large amount to retain the most judicious counsellor; and the man you met in his doorway, making his egress as you entered, was his legal adviser. He had just informed him that a favorable termination of his case hung upon a single point. Could he prove that solitary fact? He was musing upon that question. The suit involved many thousands; and to him, worth his millions, upon the very verge of the grave, of what consequence was it how it resulted? With no heirs whom he loved to bequeath his fortune, vexed with his present immense possessions, troubled to know how an investment which looks promising to-day may appear a year hence, with this lawsuit superadded, he was the perfect picture of despair. But gaze a moment longer upon that haggard countenance: there is a gleam of sunshine, which lights it just as the sun sometimes irradiates a landscape over which the dark cloud has long rested. He faintly smiles, and walks forth among his fellows. A thought has flashed across him, that a witness may be made to remember more of the transaction than he has yet narrated. Honest Jack is a toiling mechanic; and he has an iron will, and an inflexible regard to truth and moral principle. The rich miser approaches him, and states what is essential for him to prove to insure success in his suit. Jack hears his statements, and inquires, "By whom do you expect such a testimony?" The miser suggests, "Could you, my good fellow, but brush the cobwebs away from your recollections, and boldly assert that you distinctly remember the needful fact, should the verdict be rendered in my favor, one thousand dollars shall be placed at your disposal on that very

day of decision. One thousand dollars, Jack, is worth a great deal to you, — it takes you a long time to accumulate it; wages are low; the products you consume in your family are high. Well invested, this amount will yield you an hundred dollars per annum. It is all acquired by a simple testimony, which it will not take you above five minutes to relate; and your character for veracity insures my success. I despise a bribe, Jack: this will be only a mark of my generosity, worthily bestowed."

Jack dropped the sledge-hammer which he held in his coarse, brawny hand. "And would you have me thus peril my honor and demean my conscience as a man, — yes, and go to my grave with a self-condemning stain which the flood of eternity can never efface, and all this to insure you a few more thousands to mingle with that heap of investments which now preys upon your daily peace? No, thank Heaven! there shall no foul blot appear against my integrity at the great tribunal. I have stated already all I know concerning your business. I will do so again, if you bid me; but I will say no more. Now my fare is frugal, my clothing coarse, and my shelter only comfortable; but I have a healthy appetite, a sound body, and an easy mind. I can sleep through the long hours when others watch for thieves and robbers; my estate lies in a good conscience, well conditioned." And Jack resumed the strokes of his hammer like a master-workman.

These were stirring words of reply to the old man: he crept away stealthily, perchance to find a soul of less integrity. We cared not to trace his success; but we knew he won the suit, and, by an unlucky investment, lost nearly the whole of it.

It was a sultry day in midsummer when we happened to pass by the miser's dwelling. A hearse stood before the door, and sundry carriages gave evidence that death reigned within. The old man was dead; and numerous claimants, that scarcely saw him in life, came to his burial. It was a sad funeral; for no tears were shed. We thought even the officiating priest almost wished he could believe in efficacy of prayer for the dead, since no living words had ever appeared to touch that motionless heart. And yet the great Searcher knoweth whether any palliatives, by which the conscience is deadened, may cause the sentence of justice to be mercifully tempered in the last account. That funeral train moved on with all the gilded trappings which a rich man's burial

sometimes imposes ; and the nicely wrought casket which contained the tenantless body was laid away in a marble tomb. With a brisk air, the procession returned. The group are again assembled in the large palace, now for ever deserted by its late proprietor. But one thought is unexpressed, and yet it pervades every beating heart in the assembly, — "How has he left his property ? Am I remembered in any large bequest ?" The will is produced. The whole amount is devised to a rich and distant relative, who is now holding his possessions with a like miserly grasp. Disappointment is depicted in countenances, and utterances are murmured which no obituary would chronicle ; but the sad feature which fills the reflecting mind is the beggared condition of a soul which has gone to its account as an unfaithful steward. Did not our great Teacher leave us the record of such an one ? and were not its fatal consequences set forth to inspire us with dread of a like condemnation ?

But how was it with Jack's history ? for he, too, had left us. He had passed *into* life, not out of it, with an unblemished character, and a humble trust that he should find acceptance, hoping for mercy through Christ his Saviour. Jack knew nothing about dogmas and creeds. He lived in the fulfilment of daily duties ; and, when thrown into a strait, he used to say he offered an ejaculatory prayer, which gave him a right conception of his duty. With constant toiling, he accumulated sufficient for the need of his family, and "always laid by a pittance for a rainy day." He then found he had money enough to educate a poor orphan, besides ministering to many sick and afflicted ones, who, but for his timely aid, would have been thrown upon a more obtrusive charity. His children blessed his memory, while the recipients of his bounty prayed for his yet longer continuance. But God knows best ; and Jack died. He was buried from no marble palace ; there was no empty display of funereal rites, there were no misgivings respecting Jack's acceptance above : the prayer was only needed to comfort the living ; and the humble grave which received his worn body did not look dreary ; for even nature threw around it the perfume of the white clover, and the upturned sod soon grew fresh with violets.

Our deeds live after us. The space around the miser's grave looks lonely, the grass grows long and sparse, and no footsteps are ever seen about the marble shaft. Every visitor hurries by ; for

names more fragrant in the chambers of memory greet the eye beyond, — names that will never perish.

Jack, too, has a claim upon immortality. A worn path leads to a mound almost level with common earth; yet the hand of affection has never ceased to plant the earliest spring flowers upon the sod, while many an eye moistens as it recounts upon that hallowed spot what he who lies below did for some child of misfortune, or led in some manner to feel the great and priceless worth of character.

Do souls recognize each other? Does the excellency of all that is pure and holy appear doubly, nay tenfold, more precious there than here? Does the loathsome aspect of sins, which blighted our true peace, appear in the same aggravated degree when exposed to a consciousness which is shielded by no subterfuges? If so, what an incentive have we to maintain an habitual watchfulness over the motives which prompt our daily actions! How can purity dwell with depravity? If it were possible that self-condemnation could wear out its sins by the intensity of its remorse, could any true enjoyment be afterwards realized from such a wreck to recover its lost position? God only knows. May we never test the question!

H. S. E.

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#### EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*Bible History of Prayer, with Practical Reflections.* By CHARLES A. GOODRICH. J. P. Jewett and Co. — The instances of prayer recorded in the Old and New Testaments are taken up in detail; and each is presented in the form of a sketch, describing the persons, circumstances, and events, in a plain, narrative form. Many incidents are introduced from other than biblical sources. There is every evidence that the work has been prepared in a reverential, devout spirit; and the importance and the power of prayer, whether for individual sanctification, for special results, or for the quickening and renewing of the church, are not at all over-estimated.

*Boston Almanac.* — A very elegant pocket edition of the Boston Almanac, including a map, the calendar, business statistics, local



information, incidental facts, a full business directory, and pictorial embellishments, — all for a trifling price, — from the press of Damrell and Moore, is for sale by J. P. Jewett and Co.

*Sabbath Talks with the Little Children about Jesus.* By the author of "The Mothers of the Bible." J. P. Jewett and Co. — In language extremely simple, and with an adaptation of thought to the least-developed minds, the Saviour is here exhibited as an example of the common virtues of children, such as obedience, patience, kindness, perseverance, punctuality, prudence, contentment, truthfulness, politeness, conscientiousness, &c. The pages might be read aloud, to children too young to read for themselves, by those who find it difficult to speak on religious subjects without book.

*Aunt Wonderful's Stories.* Translated from the German for all Good Children who have learned to Think. By COUSIN FANNIE. Illustrated. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — The title is sufficiently descriptive. There is unquestionable genius in the composition and in the pictures; and it is altogether a charming production for the young.

*The Lances of Lynwood.* D. Appleton and Co. — The publishers have given this work a style of printing, binding, and paper, of uncommon beauty, and yet of great simplicity. The book itself is a fiction, wrought out of historical materials, by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." The manner is different from that of her other writings, and less powerful, but by no means without interest and profit.

*Glances and Glimpses.* By HARRIOT K. HUNT, M.D. J. P. Jewett. — In quite a thick volume, Miss Hunt has given a spirited and well-written account of her whole life to this time, including the domestic, social, and professional parts. The pages generally bear marks of a sincere, generous, earnest heart, and of a diligent, active mind. Some passages are beautiful in conception and style. To a great extent, directly or indirectly, the work is a plea for the enlargement of the circle of woman's industrial and civil privileges or opportunities, with a protest against those prejudices in society which stand opposed to this reform. There is much truth in her representations; and, where we cannot coincide with her judgment, we are obliged to respect her evident honesty and ability. She practises medicine.

*American Almanac for 1856.* Crosby, Nichols, and Co. — Until one has come to the habit of consulting this elaborate and invaluable storehouse of information, he can have no idea of its

resources or its usefulness. The labor of preparing it is immense, especially in the statistical and governmental departments. The astronomical calculations and discussions are from Geo. P. Bond, Esq., and, of course, can be relied upon. Public thanks are due to the accomplished editor for his faithfulness; and among a people like ours, where everybody discusses public affairs, each citizen, mechanic, farmer, tradesman, or student, should put the American Almanac at the head of his list of purchases in books for the year.

*Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution.* With Notes and Illustrations by FRANK MOORE. D. Appleton and Co. — It is plain that all collections of old ballads, local and political, have a real value in many points of view. They are a necessary part of history. One does not look in such repositories for the best poetic execution, the loftiest dignity, nor the purest taste. These pieces are of a mixed character, from respectable verse down to wretched doggerel. Old and young will recognize familiar friends and strange faces among them. The materials seem to have been sought out with much pains, and are accompanied with prose explanations.

*The Communion Sabbath.* By Rev. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D.D. J. P. Jewett. — So pervaded with the deepest sentiment of Christian faith and love are the discourses of this volume, so benignant in their temper, so beautiful in their style, so tender in their entreaties, and so careful in their thought, that they may be said to be, in some sense, worthy of the sacred theme they open. As we read on, we seem to be taken into the very air of Gethsemane, and the holy stillness of the "upper chamber." In this age, the multiplication of devotional works is a general benefit; and whoever reads these pages, or those of "The Friends of Christ," from the same author, will find that Dr. Adams has another and a richer vein in him than the controversial one.

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We have received the pamphlet Report of the Proceedings at the Centennial Celebration at Leicester Academy, containing Rev. Dr. Hill's excellent address; — an affectionate funeral sermon by Rev. F. A. Whitney; — an admirable historical discourse, at the "Cushman Festival," by Rev. R. W. Cushman; — the January number of that always interesting and impressive journal, the "Five-Points Monthly;" — and a new and lively publication in aid of the Warren-street Chapel, printed by John Wilson and Son, to which we ask the attention of the many friends of that institution.

## MONTHLY RECORD.

A new series of a review long published in Florence has lately been commenced in a manner which shows a reviving interest in Italian literature. Every number is to contain four parts: 1. Historical documents unpublished, or which have become extremely rare. 2. Original memoirs and dissertations on subjects illustrative of Italian literature. 3. Review of books. 4. Obituary, correspondence, bibliographical notices, &c. The numbers already published are edited, it is said, with much spirit and ability. The title of the work is, "*Archivo Storico Italiano*," which we give in full, as we think it is important to encourage every method of increasing our acquaintance with Continental literature, so that we may know something of it directly, and not merely as it comes to us filtered through the English press.

A book has recently been published in London, called "*Dawnings of Light in the East*," written by Rev. Henry A. Stern, who has travelled extensively among the Jews and Mahometans. He strongly confirms the impression we now receive from all sources, that the religion of the false prophet has lost its vigor, and is fast sinking into a state of decrepitude; and that generally, in the East, there are opportunities of diffusing the gospel of Jesus Christ such as no former age has presented.

The history of Methodism presents a rare instance of wide-spread success. It is now but a little over one hundred years since its first preachers went forth; and, at the present time, it has, in England, two millions and a quarter of the population, one thousand eight hundred itinerant ministers, twenty-eight thousand local preachers; in America, it has one million two hundred thousand of the population; it has vigorous branches in the West Indies, in France, in Australia; it has two hundred missionary-stations, employs nearly five hundred missionaries, who are sustained by an income of five hundred

thousand dollars per annum. We quote these statements from Colquhoun's "Short Sketches of Remarkable Lives."

Irishmen returning to their native country carry back with them a spirit of industry and enterprise which they have acquired here. The London "Evening Mail" says, "Some are so provident as to have written over from the United States to bespeak seaweed and guano to be deposited, against the time of their arrival, in the locality where they propose to commence agricultural operations in Ireland."

Arrangements have been made to send Greenwich time by telegraph to seaports on the Continent, so that masters of vessels may set their chronometers by that standard. The communication is to take place once a week, every Sunday morning at nine o'clock.

The able pamphlet on "Postal Reform in the United States," by Pliny Miles, has been republished in London. A writer in the "Spectator" expresses surprise "that the great modern Republic is so far behind poor old England in a great reform; but it is clear it cannot be long before the United States is on a level with us, stirring our emulation by its honest rivalry." We should be glad could we feel that there is much probability that this prediction will be fulfilled. Mr. Miles contends strongly that we should adopt the English system of "free delivery" of letters; that is, that all letters should be carried to the hands of the persons to whom they are directed. We fear that the fact that the most of our population is so scattered will long prevent our adoption of this system.

Rev. John Aiton, D.D., minister of Dolphinton, England, has published a book, which has come to the second edition, entitled "Clerical Economies; or, Directions, Social, Rural, and Household, showing how ministers and others of limited income may raise the whole platform of their

order." We hope the book will be republished here, if it will really help poor clergymen to raise any thing.

The late Baron Anselm Rothschild gave this proof that he was no bigot to his Jewish faith, that he bequeathed the sum of three thousand florins to various Christian institutions.

At a recent meeting of "The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control," it was stated by Rev. Dr. Forster, that, if Dissenters increase during the next six years as fast as they have increased during the last six, "the church of England, in 1861, would be left in a minority of half a million of sittings. What the society wanted was to state it in the shortest possible manner, — nothing. (Laughter.) Wanting nothing, they were willing to take it five times over. (Laughter.) They wanted no church-rates, no *regium donum*, no Maynooth grant, no Irish-church grant, no church establishment. On all these points Dissenters were agreed; and, with proper efforts on their own part, he could not doubt that their views would ultimately be carried out."

On the altars of the churches of St. Barnabas and St. Paul's, in London, were crosses. It has been decreed, by the Consistory Court, that they shall be removed, because the church of England requires, for her defence against the church of Rome, that the symbol of our redemption shall be banished from the interior of her churches. Some of the English papers contain numerous and warm discussions, attacking and defending this decision, and illustrating the saying, "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!"

We take pleasure in quoting from the "London Guardian" this item of news, worth many others more likely to be copied: "An inhabitant of the parish of Bishopsteignton, having for some time been at variance with his neighbors, and rejecting the attempt of a mutual friend to bring about a reconciliation, between the conclusion of the prayers and the administration of the holy communion, on Sunday morning last, rose from his seat, and, with evident emotion, offered his hand to each of his offended neighbors, expressing himself, at the same time, as became a Christian. The tender was readily accepted;

and, as soon as the excitement was appeased, the reconciled friends united in the participation of that sacred rite which is the pledge of a higher and holier reconciliation." Blessings rest on the "inhabitant of the parish of Bishopsteignton"!

Professor Jowett, of Oxford University, defines his views on the Atonement, which are now making much stir in the religious world, in the following clear manner: that all that Christ taught and suffered was not to make an atonement, but to furnish means for an atonement. It is said that a large number of the leading men at Oxford hold this view.

It was one effect of the severe cold weather in London, in the month of December last, to increase very greatly the mortality of the city. The mortuary registers showed an increase of nearly twelve hundred during the cold week, exhibiting a mortality of 1,271 against 1,099 of the week preceding. We believe no result like this follows severely cold weather in this country. On the contrary, a very general impression exists, that our coldest weather, if steady, is the most healthy.

In a recent speech made by Mr. Bright, in one of the English provincial towns, he thus comments on the alleged barbarism of Russia: "Is it not a singular thing, that St. Petersburg, the capital of this barbarous empire, though but a modern city, has a library which, in size, ranks the third in Europe, and is said to contain ten thousand volumes more than the library of the British Museum? Is it not a strange thing, that, at the southern extremity of this barbarous empire, there is a city, which some wretched and sanguinary fanatics in this country wish that the allied fleets should utterly destroy, — a city, the foundations of which were laid but sixty years ago, and which exported to this country in the year 1848 — the year of famine in Ireland — more than 5,300,000 bushels of grain? Surely there is something more and better than barbarism in facts like these; and yet the people of England have been supplied with mental aliment, for two years past or more, full of prejudice, full of exaggeration, and full of falsehood."

At Coblenz, on the Rhine, there has recently occurred a pleasant illus-

tration of the fact that the ancient terror of priestcraft has even there passed away. A letter from that city says, "Last summer, M. Sonntag, a merchant in Coblentz, was commanded by the clergy to separate from his wife, to whom he had been married by the civil law only; and, not obeying their decree, he has been excommunicated. Dean Kramentz, after preaching a sermon against the civil marriage, put on some other sacerdotal garments, and, accompanied by two clergymen bearing wax tapers, read, standing in the middle of the church, the sentence of excommunication against M. Sonntag and his lady. He then extinguished the tapers, saying that the persons named were not worthy to see the day of the Lord, and throwing the candlesticks to the ground, and breaking them to pieces, exclaimed, "Let the bells sound the funeral bell!" Immediately was heard the sound of bells, and the chants for the dead. The dean, in conclusion, proclaimed that no one whomsoever was to hold relations with the excommunicated, to salute them, &c. This prohibition has not had much effect; *for their house has been filled ever since with visitors, and at night they have been serenaded.*"

Dr. Henry McCormac, consulting physician to the Belfast General Hospital, has published a work on consumption, in which a "discovery," which he claims to have made, is stated in the following words: "An imperfect respiratory process fails to purify and renew the blood, which, thus loaded with excretions and foulness, has, as it were, no alternative but to deposit them as tubercles, with all their consequent train of evils, in the different tissues. This, briefly, I claim as my discovery in phthisis and the cognate maladies, — a discovery which brings the theory of consumption within the pale of natural science, tears the disease out of the hands of empiricism, promises immunity to the myriads whom festering rottenness and premature decay now hurry to the tomb."

The total provision for public worship, including not only churches, but chapels and meeting-houses of all descriptions, is less in London than in any other part of England, as seventeen to thirty; and the deficiency is constantly increasing. An-

nually, about forty thousand souls are added to the population of London, — congregations enough for ten or twenty churches. These facts have led to the formation of a "Church-Building Society," which has received subscriptions like the following: The queen, £500; Duke of Bedford, £10,000; Bishop of London, £5,000; Mr. Hubbard, "a church, with its endowments." It is proposed to raise the sum of £500,000. A writer in the London "Spectator," quoting these facts, says that money enough may be raised to build churches; but the real want, after all, is of people to fill them. He thinks the indifference to public worship is all the more conspicuous, "since a spirit of querulous scepticism has manifestly declined." Nothing is more marked, he adds, "than an increase of appeal to religious influences on the part of those who seek to promote science and education in their highest as well as most populous spheres." The cause of the prevailing neglect he believes to be in the fact "*that religious ideas have passed beyond the ordinary level of the clergy*; and the true church extension that is wanted in our day depends upon a broader appeal to the intellect, and still more to the heart, of the public." For ourselves, and speaking of the sphere of our observation, we believe this is the true view of the case; and the fact furnishes the most severe rebuke to the narrowness of culture and sympathy on the part of the pulpit.

The second Architectural Exhibition has recently been opened in London; and the rooms in Suffolk Street have been amply filled with drawings, photographs, models, objects of furniture and decoration. The Gothic style maintains a decided preference, while classical and Italian designs betray the crotchets of third-rate practitioners.

The sermon which the queen liked so much was preached by Rev. Mr. Caird, in Craithie Church, near Balmoral. The Aberdeen "Herald" says it is no secret about Balmoral, that Prince Albert said he had not heard so good a sermon for seven years, and he did not expect to enjoy a like pleasure for as long a period to come. The subject of the discourse was, "The Religion of Common Life."